

THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,358, Vol. 52.

November 5, 1881.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

WORKING OF THE LAND COURT.

THE Court which Mr. GLADSTONE has established for the disciplining of Irish landlords has at last begun its operations in earnest, and perhaps the shortest and most significant account of the result of this beginning is that Mr. F. H. O'DONNELL, M.P., is jubilant, and that there is reason for his jubilation. Mr. O'DONNELL, at a time when persons much more deeply identified than himself with the Parnellite cause have either fled the country or remained discreetly silent, has taken upon himself to do battle for the suspects, and has fought the battle, on the whole, very fairly, so that there is no need to speak of him with any disrespect. At the same time it is tolerably safe to say that the jubilation of Mr. O'DONNELL ought to make most Englishmen rather uncomfortable. There is cause for such discomfort, though Mr. O'DONNELL, with characteristic haste, seems to have forgotten that the decisions which give him such pleasure are those of a Sub-Commission only. In the mere fact that these first test cases have resulted in decisions very adverse to the landlords, there would be no reason either for exultation on one side or for alarm on the other, for there is no doubt at all that there are such things as excessive rents in Ireland. It is when the evidence laid before the Commissioners is examined, and the principles which seem to have guided their decisions are laid bare, that the reasons for Mr. O'DONNELL's jubilation appear. And it is then that the absolute justice of the view put forward on the Opposition side in Parliament during the passing of the Bill appears likewise. If the decisions in the Castleblayney and Belfast Sub-Commissions are upheld, then one famous remark of Mr. FORSTER's is falsified, and one equally famous remark of Mr. PARNELL's is justified. For the Castleblayney decision, to be understood at all, requires the admission of the principle which Mr. FORSTER declared to be most unfair—the principle that the tenant's right must be carved out of the landlord's; and the Belfast decision, or rather the principle enunciated during the hearing, leads up, if it does not amount, to the adoption of Mr. PARNELL's standard of "prairie value."

The net result of the Castleblayney case was that the rent was reduced by more than twenty-five per cent., with the effect that the Court valuation of ten acres exceeds GRIFFITH's valuation for eight acres by six shillings only—in other words, the rent has been reduced considerably below what used to be the Land League standard. The important points of the decision are not, however, to be discerned in this statement. They are, that the tenant who alleged that his rent was too high had refused 150*l.* for his tenant-right, and that he himself had been until recently an absentee tenant residing at Manchester, where he had a situation on the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway, and leaving his wife to manage the farm. That is to say, this fortunate person not only received the wages on which it is to be presumed his comrades at Manchester subsist, but held a property in Ireland which he himself values at more than 150*l.* after paying his old rent. Obviously there is here no consideration of *pretium affectionis*, since the tenant had so little affection for his land that he did not care to live on it. Obviously, also, there must have been a considerable margin of profit over the old rent, since the tenant did not consider the capitalized value of that profit to be represented sufficiently by 150*l.* It follows that the only possible explanation of the Commissioners' decision is that they assessed the

positive value of the farm (which they are said to have examined with great care), deducted from this the annual value of the supposed tenant-right, and fixed the remainder as the rent. This is the exact process which was protested against in Parliament, which was admitted to be unfair, and which was thought to be precluded by the omission of the original definition of fair rent. It follows, too, that if the tenant-right of McATAVEY's farm at the rent of nearly nine pounds was in the market 150*l.* or more, it will reach a considerably higher figure now that the rent is six guineas. Consequently, at the expiry of the first fifteen years' tenancy, a larger sum still will have to be deducted, and the landlord's share will sink in proportion, exactly as has been predicted a hundred times. It is to be supposed that this case will be reheard before the Judicial Commissioner and his colleagues, and it is impossible to exaggerate the importance which will attach to the rehearing.

The Belfast cases are not yet completed, and therefore cannot properly be the subject of comment, except as concerns a general principle which the chief Sub-Commissioner asserted, and which has given as much cause for jubilation as that implied, if not asserted, in the Castleblayney decision. The case was one in which a lease had been granted, with a clause to the effect that all improvements, by whomsoever made, should become the property of the landlord when the lease expired. This happened years ago, and the tenancy was renewed. The Sub-Commissioners now hold that under the clause stating that no rent should be chargeable on improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title, the element of the improvements, unless evidence of their having actually been made by the landlord was produced, must be excluded. Thus not only is the onus of proof, contrary to general expectation and to the apparent meaning of the words of the Act, shifted from the tenant to the landlord, but even an express agreement made, with no allegation of coercion in the making, and terminated years before either the Act of 1870 or the Act of 1881 was thought of, is not held to be evidence of the landlord's proprietary right. This point, as a matter of course, will go before the Chief Commissioners; and, indeed, the Sub-Commissions, which are instituted to deal mainly, if not wholly, with fact, are not very suitable tribunals for even an interim decision on points of pure law. But the dilemma is serious. A reversal of Mr. Sub-Commissioner GREER's decision would excite a loud outcry in Ireland, and probably check the present eagerness to take the benefits of the Act. A confirmation of it would penalize landlords in a way which it is tolerably certain Parliament neither intended nor even contemplated as possible. It is too obvious even to require demonstration that if this property had been sold in 1863, when the lease expired, the purchaser would have been expected to pay for the improvements which the tenant (with as full knowledge of the limit of his enjoyment of those improvements as any London householder who puts into his house a marble chimney-piece or into his garden perennial shrubs) had made. His bargain would have been in every sense legal and equitable; yet, according to Mr. Sub-Commissioner GREER, he would have to submit to-day to an indefinite loss upon it.

The unfortunate confusion caused by the uncertainty of the Government views and their frequent changes during the debate on the Bill is well illustrated by a phrase in an

otherwise careful and impartial report of these proceedings in the *Daily News*. The writer says that the principle on which a fair rent is to be fixed is the consideration of what a solvent tenant, taking one year with another, could afford to pay. There was such a phrase in the Bill as it entered the House of Commons, but there was none such when it left it, for the simple reason that it had been amply proved to be utterly inadmissible. This very Correspondent himself points out the reason of the omission forcibly enough when he avows his doubts as to how the Commissioners will manage those estates in Connaught where the holdings—and there are many such—are simply insufficient to support a tenant in solvency at any rent whatever. In other words, if fifty acres are held in one tenancy, the tenant may live and the landlord receive a fair rent; if they are held by ten tenants, the tenants will starve and the landlord get nothing. Yet all these wretched holdings are probably saleable, and, on the precedent of the lucky MCATAVEY, the rent will have to be reduced; logically speaking, it will on that precedent have to be done away with altogether, and a rent-charge on the landlord substituted for it as a bonus to the tenant. To the thousands and tens of thousands of tenants who are crowding the Land Court this must be a pleasant reflection. As for the landlords, though the Act bears the words “having regard to the interest of landlord and tenant respectively,” they seem to be left out of consideration. There is nothing in this to astonish those who have followed the matter from the first; but it is as well to remember the earnest and almost violent disclaimers of any possible damage to the landowner which Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE have repeatedly made. That the construction placed on the last provision of Clause 8 by Sub-Commissioner GREER in the Belfast case causes such damage is too clear to need argument. The Chief Commissioners must decide whether they will adopt that construction or whether they will not.

#### THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE final result of the elections to the German Parliament is still a subject of speculation, for in no less than ninety constituencies a second ballot will be necessary; but enough is known to make the future composition of the Parliament tolerably certain. The total number of members is 397; and in the present, as in former Parliaments, there will be found four main groups. There are the Conservatives, who may be relied on to support Prince BISMARCK in anything he proposes; the Centre, or Clerical party, who go with or against the PRINCE according as they think they have most to gain from him; the Liberals, who, with very varying degrees of decisiveness, oppose the PRINCE when they very much disagree with him; and a very miscellaneous group of outsiders, partly consisting of Particularists and Socialists, who object to the present order of things in the Empire, and Nationalists like Poles, Alsatians, and Danes, who object generally to everything German. These outsiders and the Centre will probably remain numerically very much what they were in the last Parliament; the Conservatives have lost, and the Liberals have gained. If every Conservative and the whole of the Centre voted with Prince BISMARCK, and all the Liberals and every member of the miscellaneous group voted against him, he would be beaten. The majority against him would be very small, perhaps half a dozen votes, but it would be a majority; and, although the contingency is very unlikely to happen, and there is scarcely any question on which the parties would put forth their whole strength and range themselves on opposite sides, still the best beginning of any estimate of the present Parliamentary position of the CHANCELLOR is to recognize that the Conservatives and the Centre together may not constitute a majority of the new Chamber. If the PRINCE can come to terms with the Centre, and will make such offers to them as will ensure their hearty, unanimous, and persistent support, he would have a practical majority, for his supporters would work together and his opponents would not. But the measures on which he has set his heart, the State Insurance Bill and the Tobacco Monopoly, are far too big to be got through by a bare majority dependent for its existence on the want of cohesion in its opponents. He asked Germany to send him a Parliament that might be relied on to pass these measures, and Germany has refused. He must wait

until time has wrought a sufficient change in public opinion, or, if he introduces his measures prematurely, it is scarcely possible that he should escape an ignominious defeat.

There are some minor features in the electoral returns which deserve notice. The Liberal party has not only increased in numbers, but has largely altered its character. The ranks of the National Liberals have been sadly thinned, and the ranks of the Secessionists and Progressists have got very much larger. In other words, the half-hearted opponents of Prince BISMARCK have become few, and the decided opponents of the PRINCE have become many. There are several causes to which this result may be attributed. The strength of the Liberal party lies in the educated middle class, and this class has lately become antagonistic to Prince BISMARCK. He has offended its economic tastes both by his Protectionist measures and by his leaning towards Socialism. He has not openly countenanced the Jewish persecution, but he has carefully abstained from openly discountenancing it, and the Court Chaplain, who has made himself conspicuous by his extreme bitterness against the Jews, was a favourite, though a defeated, Conservative candidate in Berlin. Nine-tenths of the Liberal party regard the persecution of the Jews with shame and disgust. The PRINCE has made some concessions to the Clericals, and threatens to make more; and German culture is dear to the party which thinks it exhibits it to perfection. But what has determined the success of the Liberal party more than anything else is the spirit in which, under Prince BISMARCK's directions, it has been opposed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity of the coarse and wholesale abuse, or the offensiveness of the arrogance, which has marked every line of the official press during the electoral struggle. The Liberals were the scum of the earth, and what Prince BISMARCK ordered every German was bound silently to accept. The Liberal vote has been the protest of self-respecting men against the vituperation, the bullying, and the domineering of the Government. The issue, to the minds of the independent classes, was not so much how Germany was to be governed, or what measures were to be rejected or adopted, but whether even German worms dared to turn when trodden on too heavily.

The appeal to the Socialists made by the PRINCE may be said to have failed. It appears, indeed, that fewer electors have gone to the poll as declared Socialists, and the total number of Socialist members will not be greater, and may be less, in the new Parliament than in the last. But the Socialist vote, when not given to Socialists, has evidently not been given in any large degree to the Conservatives for whom it was asked. Probably many Socialists abstained, as under the new law they were not allowed to march together to the poll; and those who voted may have thought that the best means of securing themselves against their votes being thrown away was to vote for a Clerical, a Protectionist, or a member of the Party of the People. But although scarcely any Socialists have been returned, the Socialists have been strong enough to obtain the chances of a second ballot in no less than thirty constituencies, and these constituencies are almost without exception constituencies in the first towns of Germany. To descend to a smaller matter, it may be observed that all the well-meant and unsparing efforts of the German Government to humour Alsace have been so far ineffectual that now not a single Alsatian member represents the party of conciliation, and the whole body joins in a protest against the new and unwelcome nationality that has been imposed on the inhabitants of the conquered territory. It may be added, that among the rejected Conservatives is a son of the CHANCELLOR, and thus Prince BISMARCK has a family and private grief to swell the list of the causes of such mortification as he may be supposed to be now enduring.

The first step of the CHANCELLOR when the general result of the elections became known was to intimate to the Centre that now was the time for it to bid high for his favour, and to expect from him the favours to come by which he would show his gratitude. His next step was to allow the suggestion to get abroad that he might very probably kill this unpleasant Parliament before it began to live, and that it would meet only to be dissolved. His last step has been to hint to a set of over-zealous students that the best thing for him and for them is to show themselves patient in the hour of adversity. The policy of patience



may be looked on as the policy which, at least for the moment, the PRINCE has thought it wise to adopt. Germany has no wish to get rid of Prince BISMARCK. It cannot live without him, and all it asks is to be able to live with him in some endurable fashion. It does not like the kind of Socialism which reveals itself by schemes for bribing the poor on the eve of an election. It sees in his tobacco monopoly the increase of the bureaucracy it dreads, and the prospect of smoking cigars worse, if possible, than those to which it has been accustomed. It has some little difficulty in putting up with his own hectoring ways, and it keenly resents the foul language and brutal insolence of his underlings. If he would only be a little more civil himself, repress the abusive arrogance of his satellites, let his new-fangled Socialism go to sleep, allow bad tobacco to be sold at the present price, and not keep quite so strict a state of siege in the larger towns, Germany would be as ready to adore and follow him as it ever was. It does not seem very much for a great and docile nation to ask, even from the man who has made it what it is.

#### THE BOERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE acceptance of the Convention by the Transvaal Volksraad appears to have been accompanied by an elaborate remonstrance or protest against its principal provisions. The three leaders who form the Government had invited such an expression of opinion, although they were pledged to obtain the ratification of an agreement negotiated by themselves. The anomalous Address or Report of the Assembly may probably have been composed as a summary of reasons for rejecting the Convention. The language used by the leaders at the first meeting of the Volksraad was apparently suggested by a belief that there were no limits to the pliability of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. When the PRIME MINISTER announced at Leeds that the list of concessions was exhausted, the Triumvirate perhaps began to suspect that it might be necessary in some sense to recognize their engagements; but they may still have thought it possible that Mr. GLADSTONE would once more retract formal declarations if he were encountered by menace and refusal. The formal ratification of the treaty was probably the immediate result of military movements. The march of the troops returning to Natal was suspended, and it was known that in a short time Sir EVELYN WOOD would command an irresistible force. With the worst possible grace the Government and the Assembly withdrew their threats, and hereafter they will contend that they have given full notice of their intention to disregard their solemn obligations. Since the beginning of the negotiations the Boers have not been conspicuous for good faith. The members of their community who had committed three brutal and treacherous murders were only subjected to the inconvenience of a sham trial before a sympathizing jury. The leaders have not exerted themselves to correct the misapprehensions of their malcontent countrymen.

It might perhaps scarcely be worth while to discuss the resolutions of the Volksraad, if they had not included a proposal which tends to the direct and immediate violation of the treaty. If report can be trusted, the Volksraad requests the Boer Government to communicate the protest to all foreign Powers; yet at the same moment the Volksraad approved the Convention which prohibits the local Government from entering into any international relations. An appeal from the Suzerain to France, Germany, Holland, the United States, and other Powers is an insolent and wanton affront to the Imperial Government. For all diplomatic purposes the Transvaal is a portion of the British Empire, although it is entitled to administrative independence on the conditions which were settled between the English Commissioners and the leaders of the insurgents. Any foreign State which had an interest in the question could ascertain that the representatives of the Transvaal had agreed to leave the conduct of foreign transactions to the Imperial Government. A complaint against the Sovereign, addressed to a foreign State, is technically an act of treason. In the present instance it involves a breach of promises simultaneously made. The great colonies, which are incomparably more powerful and more important than the Transvaal, are content to leave their foreign relations to be regulated by the Foreign Office. The only foreign interests which the Boers are

likely to value or cultivate would be hostile to the Imperial Government. It would be intolerable that a petty community holding part of a vast region now subject to the English Crown should have the opportunity of introducing European competitors for sovereignty into the heart of South Africa. Ample precautions have been taken against the introduction of similar complications into India. The French at Pondicherry, and the Portuguese at Goa, are prohibited from forming alliances with native States. The reservations in the Convention are not intended to apply to the native tribes. Other precautions, which may perhaps not be uniformly effective, have been taken against the risk of border wars. Before the annexation the Boers never affected to hold diplomatic intercourse with any but the English Government. They have no reasonable claim to novel privileges after the untoward events which caused the restoration of their independence.

If the resolutions of the Assembly have been officially communicated to the English Government, it might be prudent to suspend any acknowledgment of the ostensible ratification of the Convention. The proposed breach of one of the most important stipulations shows that the Boers consider themselves at liberty to violate any other article of the Convention. At one time they objected to the renunciation of the right of foreign intercourse, on the pretext that they might find it expedient to negotiate commercial arrangements with the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay. Their present claim is more ambitious, for they ask foreign Powers to recognize the supposed injustice of stipulations by which, nevertheless, they profess to be bound. No Government could, without a breach of international comity, take cognizance of their grievances—which, indeed, are for the most part little calculated to win impartial sympathy. The protest of the Volksraad against religious toleration might suit the popular feeling of Spain, except that the Boers are not Roman Catholics, but Calvinistic Puritans. The objection to the prohibition of slavery which is contained in the Convention would be peculiar to themselves. It is true that their maintenance of compulsory servitude is ingeniously distinguished from slavery; but they would have no reason to complain of the prohibition if it were in no case likely to take effect. No civilized Government will openly countenance a retention of the right of holding slaves. If the clauses for the protection of the natives were struck out of the Convention, the Boers who now affect to treat the stipulations as unnecessary would plausibly argue that the right of the English Government to prevent slavery had been deliberately renounced. Any reasonable objections to the complicated provisions for the protection of the natives might perhaps hereafter deserve consideration. The English Government has incurred responsibilities which it may find difficult to discharge, for a general protectorate includes, among other consequences, the duty of restraining the natives from encroachment. It will in some degree be the interest of the dominant race to treat the vast coloured population with some degree of justice and consideration. The Imperial Government cannot honourably abdicate the pretensions which it has advanced, but it will be well advised in renouncing frequent and minute interference.

As long as the Boers display their present temper it will scarcely be prudent to withdraw the forces which have procured even nominal concessions. Half the number of troops might perhaps have sufficed but for the encouragement which was given to the insurgents by the surrender of the English Government. It is not known whether during the subsequent negotiations the Commissioners were controlled by detailed instructions from home. They must constantly have regretted the rejection of Sir EVELYN WOOD's advice that the military superiority of the English forces should be asserted before the beginning of the discussion. If the short campaign had ended with a decisive English victory, the leaders would not have broken faith with the Imperial Government, nor would the Volksraad have appended to its assent an argument against the chief provisions of the Convention. A proposed address to foreign Powers would certainly not have been thought of, if the Convention had assumed its proper form of a boon to the insurgents. For any sacrifices which they have nominally made full consideration has been given in the abandonment of the attempt to re-establish English authority. The demeanour of the Volksraad and of the Boer Government is not encouraging to the English residents and loyalists, who are at least as fully entitled to protection as the natives. It is uncertain whether their right to dis-

sent from the dominant faith is seriously threatened, though the stipulations for the maintenance of religious liberty would seem to indicate some fear of the intolerance of the Boers. Their property and just rights are probably in graver danger than their conscientious convictions. It may be taken for granted that the English residents in the small towns and villages will not be compelled to leave the country, as the rural Boer population is almost wholly employed in agriculture; but, unless the purpose of maintaining the Convention is vigorously asserted, loyal farmers will almost certainly be exposed to maltreatment and expulsion. The whole series of transactions illustrates the inconvenience which results from political timidity. The partisans of the Government described as a splendid proof of courage unprecedented readiness to acquiesce in the consequences of defeat. The result has been incessant encroachment on the part of the Boers, and an ostensible treaty which settles nothing, inasmuch as one party to the bargain seeks to violate its conditions at the very moment of ratification. The Government will prepare the way to future difficulties if it tolerates the pretension of the Volksraad to communicate its criticisms on the treaty to foreign Powers.

#### HOME POLITICS.

AS Mr. GLADSTONE explained to his admirers at Leeds that, being an old man, he could not last for ever, and at the same time comforted them by the recollection that he would leave behind him two excellent and competent leaders of the party in Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON, it was almost inevitable that at an opportune moment some ingenious speculator should declare that what might happen had happened. There is nothing more agreeable than to inspire the belief that the innermost secrets of political life have been revealed to some exceptionally trustworthy and important outsider. It is a pleasant day with a journalist when he thinks that, if he cannot instruct the world, he can, at any rate, surprise it. The retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE was a theme especially tempting to any one who wished to give speculation the form of announcements. It was a safe field, for Mr. GLADSTONE had himself said that he must some day retire or be withdrawn from public life; and it was a very wide field, as the separate contingencies had to be considered of Mr. GLADSTONE remaining Premier but giving up the Exchequer, and of his abandoning office altogether. Speculative ingenuity was equal to the occasion. It shuffled its cards to its perfect satisfaction. It put Mr. CHILDERS into the Exchequer, and Sir CHARLES DILKE into the Cabinet, and after full, and apparently very deliberate, reflection, it ordained that, if Mr. GLADSTONE ceased to be Premier, he must give up public life altogether, and retire to meditate in the groves which he loves to cut down. The public smiled; but, utterly indifferent to fanciful combinations, it only asked whether it was true that Mr. GLADSTONE was on the eve of quitting office. Mr. GLADSTONE telegraphed to say that he had nothing to add to his public utterances. He was an old man a month ago at Leeds, and he is now older by a month. That was all he had to say in reply to the announcement that he was going to throw up the seals of office. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, a day or two afterwards, remarked that, if Mr. GLADSTONE was going to resign, it was at least rather odd that he had never given the slightest hint of his intentions to any of his colleagues. If health and strength permit Mr. GLADSTONE to continue his labours, it is inconceivable that he should wish to retire now. The Parliament is his Parliament, the majority is his majority. It is hard-working because it works for him, and it is obedient because it obeys him. And he has not yet begun to touch the extreme edge of the great questions which he announced it was his special mission to handle and to shape. Hitherto he has had other things to think of. He has had foreign difficulties to settle; he has had overwhelming troubles in Ireland to encounter; and he had made up his mind to raise and dispose of a third pertinacious obstacle before he gets to the real business of his Ministry, and to obtain a House of Commons that will do his work quickly and sharply when he gives it the tasks it has to despatch. Were it only for this last duty his presence would be indispensable. To persuade the House of Commons to put itself in new fetters, and to abandon the traditions of

centuries of independence, would be an almost hopeless undertaking, unless Mr. GLADSTONE was there to give the prestige of his long Parliamentary life, to refine, to distinguish, and to overawe, and to draw upon the vast experience he gained when he too played with the weapons of obstruction.

A Cabinet Council is to be held next week; and Cabinet Councils, when they meet at this time of year, generally occupy themselves with what is to be the work of the coming Session. There are some pressing matters with which the Government must deal. There is the reform of Parliamentary procedure, which must take precedence of everything else. For Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that it is useless for him to propose any great measure until the House has made arrangements for allowing great measures to be carried through it with speed and certainty. Then there are some measures of great, but not capital, importance which are standing over from last Session, and which the Government can scarcely allow to stand over any longer. Unless Mr. BRADLAUGH is allowed to take the oath at the beginning of the Session, the Government must try to give him the measure of general relief which it has promised him. Troublesome as this BRADLAUGH business has been, the course of a Parliamentary Oaths Bill might give the Government less trouble than Bills that would provoke less excitement. In spite of Liberal abstentions, there would probably be a majority sufficient to get the Bill through the Commons; and then, if it were rejected in the Lords, the Ministry might accept its rejection with some display of stout language, but not without a sense of secret satisfaction. There are also remaining from last Session the Bankruptcy Bill and the Election Bill. It would be scandalous if Parliament allowed another Session to pass without something being done to abate the abuses of the present bankruptcy law; and the present House was tarred with enough electioneering pitch at its commencement to make it anxious to show a zeal for the purity of future Parliaments. Neither of these measures can be called a party measure. Conservatives are as desirous as Liberals that the law of bankruptcy should be put on a decent footing; and no Conservative would deny that, if elections can be made purer, they ought to be made purer. But it often happens that the measures most difficult to pass are the measures which do not belong exclusively to either party. The principles are admitted, but a stumbling-block is found in every detail. And measures like a Bankruptcy Bill and an Election Bill, if they do not excite the interest of parties, excite in an extraordinary way the interests of individual members. There is not a representative of a commercial town who would not have something special to say as to calamities in trade, and there is not a lawyer in the House who will not secretly plume himself on the facility with which he could pick a hundred holes in any Bankruptcy Bill which other lawyers have framed. Few members have not the light of a sad memory to guide them when responsibility for agency at elections is being discussed, and many have erring but zealous friends whose errors and whose zeal will move them to compassion when it is proposed to visit bribery with increased severity of punishment. Every one thinks he has a right to speak on questions which are not party questions, and of which he has a peculiar and personal knowledge. It will be interesting to observe how the House of Commons decides to deal with Bills of this class when its new Bills are proposed to it. It is one thing to decide that party measures supported by the whole force of a Government and a majority shall not be arrested by wanton obstruction. It is another thing to determine that there shall be artificial limits imposed on the discussions of measures in which numerous members take a keen personal interest, on which they have much to say, and which they seek to amend and not to kill. And yet it would seem that any rules that are accepted must be general, and that the sacrifice of free discussion to be effective must be wholesale.

Beyond these preliminary or minor measures, which would fully take up an ordinary Session, there are the great and vague undertakings which the Liberal party has set itself to accomplish. Of the many with the prospect of which Liberal electors were once dazzled, there appear to be now three which have finally commended themselves to the attention of the Liberal leaders. These are a County Government Bill, a County Franchise Bill, and an English and Scotch Land Bill. The time for a County Fran-



chise Bill has evidently not yet come; for the Parliament that passed it would kill itself, and, as Mr. FAWCETT pointed out at Hackney, the country has not begun to trouble itself in the least about it. Before the County Franchise Bill is brought forward, it is certainly desirable that some kind of preliminary discussion of its consequences should have been set on foot. A County Government Bill would not perhaps be open to this objection; but it would be open to the objection, equally grave, that it would at every stage raise the eternal Irish question in a new shape. As it seems to be part of the Liberal creed that every thing applied to England is to be applied to Ireland some day, a County Government Bill for England would virtually determine what form of Home Rule was to be bestowed on the Irish; and, if there is one thing for which Englishmen wish, it is to have a Session in which the Irish question may go as much to sleep as it ever can do. There remains the English and Scotch Land Bill; and it is not a very hazardous conjecture that this will be the choice of the Ministry. Although Parliament would have enough to occupy it without a Land Bill, it is very unlikely that Mr. GLADSTONE would be content to open the third Session of his Ministry without the announcement that he had taken in hand one, at least, of the great measures which were to mark his second tenure of office. The real difficulty of a Land Bill is to make it what would seem to any one, whether a partisan of Mr. GLADSTONE or not, a great measure. That a life-owner should have new powers of dealing with his estate, and that a tenant should be secured against the confiscation of his legitimate investments, are salutary doctrines; but the former has already been put into shape by a Conservative Chancellor, and the latter is accepted by almost every Conservative member. In these directions there is little by which a Liberal Government can specially distinguish itself, or can awaken any ardent enthusiasm in its supporters. As to anything further, there are the barriers suggested by Mr. FAWCETT that freedom of contract is the first principle of Liberalism; that the good of the general public, and not the conflicting interests of classes, must be the test of a Land Bill; and that the taxpayer must not be called on to contribute towards setting up other people in a business artificially created for them. The curious public must wait to see how any land measure can be devised which will be in a Liberal sense great, and yet which will not offend against one or more of these excellent canons.

#### M. GAMBETTA AND THE CHAMBER.

NEXT to becoming a Minister, what M. GAMBETTA seems most to dislike is becoming a Minister in a commonplace way. In the natural course of things he would have remained a private deputy until such time as M. FERRY had resigned his office, and would then have been sent for by M. GRÉVY, and entrusted with the task of forming a Cabinet in which he would have taken whichever place he liked best. But M. GAMBETTA is of opinion that his dignity requires some exceptional humouring. It was needful that he should be marked out as M. FERRY's successor by something more than common report or the PRESIDENT's own observation. M. GRÉVY must receive a mandate of some sort which should serve as a formal declaration that M. GAMBETTA is the choice of the country, and not merely of the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC. To meet this necessity, the plan of electing M. GAMBETTA temporary President of the Chamber of Deputies was devised. There is nothing very dignified in this extremely provisional office; but the election to it enabled M. GAMBETTA's friends to say that the Chamber had pointed him out to M. GRÉVY as the leader of the majority, upon the command of which M. GAMBETTA has always insisted as a condition of taking office. The *République Française* accepted the vote as proving that in the new Chamber at least 350 recognize M. GAMBETTA's claims, while not more than 200 are opposed to them. By offering himself as a candidate M. GAMBETTA intended to give the majority an opportunity of expressing its policy, and of telling the country which elected it and the PRESIDENT who listens to it what programme it means to adopt. It has pronounced, it seems, in favour of a policy at once energetically and wisely progressive. It has made M. GAMBETTA its President for a week, and it has thus ranged itself on the side of radical but

prudent reform. The majority which has done all this may fairly be surprised at the wealth of meaning it has contrived to compress into a very simple act. As M. GAMBETTA had given out that he wished to be appointed temporary President of the Chamber, it was only natural that a majority which had been returned to give him a general support should offer him the post he desired. It was one of those cases in which, while refusal to do what was asked would have meant a great deal, readiness to do it really meant nothing. No one has ever supposed that the Extreme Left could beat M. GAMBETTA in a pitched battle; all that the Extreme Left itself contends is that M. GAMBETTA will find that his own majority will insist on his bringing forward measures not easily distinguishable from those which are demanded by the Radicals whom his organs so frankly abuse. Upon this, the only point really in dispute, M. GAMBETTA's election as provisional President leaves us just as ignorant as before. It may please his friends to assume that by voting for him last Saturday the new Chamber formally adopted his policy; but the step supplies no information as to which of M. GAMBETTA's policies the Chamber has adopted. According to a probable account, M. GAMBETTA did not resort to this scheme until he had tried to get himself indicated as the leader of the majority in another way. He wanted M. GRÉVY to overlook the fact that M. FERRY has up to this time neither resigned nor been defeated, and to write him a formal letter setting out his position as the one man in whom the country had confidence, and summoning him to assume the responsibilities which this position imposes upon him. M. GRÉVY, however, who has no love for unnecessary ceremonial, could not be brought to see that any such letter was wanted. His idea was that M. GAMBETTA should say plainly that he would accept office as soon as M. FERRY had vacated it, and that he himself should then request M. FERRY to leave the field clear for his successor. This, however, implied that M. GAMBETTA should take office just as anybody else might take it, which was exactly what M. GAMBETTA did not care to do. His object is to be marked off from the common herd of Prime Ministers; and, indeed, considering what Prime Ministers have lately been in France, it is hardly surprising that he should entertain this wish. M. GAMBETTA has so lowered the dignity of the office to suit his own convenience, that he is now ashamed to hold it unless he can make it assume an aspect different from that which it has worn in the hands of his puppets.

It is unfortunate that the prolonged Ministerial crisis under which France has been suffering should have coincided with the attempted renewal of the Commercial Treaty. International politics and international business are best kept apart, and in the recent negotiations the two have been lamentably intermingled. It has been contended, with much show of argument, that the true policy for this country is to keep the treaty on the stocks at any price. We have no wish to undervalue the importance of an arrangement to exempt England from the exceedingly vexatious tariff which it has pleased the French nation to impose upon its customers. But it is to be remembered that this arrangement, valuable as it may be, has never yet been reduced to shape, and that its provisions may be greatly affected by the position which this country now takes up in the controversy. A large and influential section of Frenchmen is thoroughly convinced that England is simply the fox that has lost its tail. We should abandon Free-trade if we could; but as circumstances are too strong for us, the only thing that is left for us to do is to induce other nations to step into the trap into which we ourselves have already fallen. This is not a theory which is likely to dispose the French to offer us specially favourable terms. Before they can accept freedom of trade as the end to which all commercial treaties point, they must satisfy themselves that England, at all events, believes in her own preaching. If there is any truth in economical theory, France will in the end be worse off under her new tariff than we shall be. This does not in the least conflict with the full recognition of the fact that under the French tariff England will be badly off. In modern trade it is impossible for one member to suffer even by its own fault without other members suffering also. But the essential thing to remember is that the country which imposes protective duties pays more dearly in the long run than the country which declines to be a party to them. No matter what the productive wealth of France may be, she cannot

for ever go on exporting goods after she has shut herself out from taking goods in return. In spite of occasional derangements, the balance of trade will in the end look after itself. In proportion as the decision of the English Government indicates a healthy belief in this elementary economical truth, it will be likely to weigh with the new French Ministry. Great hopes seem to be built in some quarters on the fact that M. ROUVIER, who is a Free Trader, will probably be the Minister of Commerce in M. GAMBETTA'S Cabinet. It is doubtful, however, whether even a Ministry of Free Traders will be able to grant all the English demands. M. GAMBETTA may find himself strong enough in his seat to conclude a treaty which shall be really in advance of public opinion; but he may not care to provoke opposition upon a matter in which, as it is non-political, he cannot count upon the fidelity of his political friends. At all events, he will be in a better position to try the experiment if he can assure the Chamber that the English delegates have never retreated from the minimum which they first laid down, and that the only choices open to him were to conclude a treaty on those terms or to bring the negotiations to an end. If, on the other hand, Sir CHARLES DILKE returns to Paris with a weaker version of the English demands, the French Protectionists will be tempted to infer that a treaty of some kind is a matter of life or death to this country; and that, if they only hold out long enough, the English Government will be forced to make further concessions. As there is no reason to suppose that the English Government thinks any treaty better than none at all, this would be a very misleading opinion to get into circulation.

#### A LONDON MUNICIPALITY.

THE municipal incorporation of London is one of the many schemes of demolition and reconstruction which are contemplated by the present Government. Any institution on which Mr. GLADSTONE fixes his attention is in imminent danger of the fate which has befallen the Irish Church and the Irish landowners. If he finds time during his tenure of office to disestablish the City of London, he will be eagerly supported by his devoted majority, and perhaps by some of his more thoughtless opponents; yet it is strange that the vast population which is to be the subject of the proposed experiment neither complains of a grievance nor suggests a remedy. The agitation is promoted from without, and its motives are almost exclusively political. One of the innumerable clubs which are organized for special purposes of destruction has, under the title of the London Municipal Reform League, undertaken to conduct the agitation until it is taken in hand by the Government. A week ago the managers assembled a few hundreds of persons in the Holborn Town Hall to listen to speeches which can have been but moderately exciting. A portion of the audience may perhaps have consisted of ratepayers, mixed up for the occasion with miscellaneous idlers. The League secured in Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE a chairman respectable in position and ability, but a zealous and active political partisan. There were two members of Parliament—Mr. FIRTH, who is the official leader of the agitation, and Mr. ASHTON DILKE, principally known as a member of the most extreme or revolutionary section of the House of Commons. The inevitable Mr. JAMES BEAL and Sir J. BENNETT, who have reasons for disliking the Court of Aldermen, were the only other known attendants at the meeting. There is no reason to suppose that any of the speakers represented in the smallest degree the public opinion of any part of the metropolis. It may be added that, if any new illustration or argument was introduced, it has not been reported. Mr. FIRTH had heard that in certain houses there was insufficient drainage. Mr. BEAL once more propounded the ingenious fiction that the City would lose nothing by admitting the whole of London to a partnership in its revenues and privileges. That the citizens should decline to be cajoled by transparent fallacies is not surprising; but it might perhaps have been expected that the erection of a central municipality would excite a warmer interest in the outer districts. Sensible householders, if they ever think of the subject, perhaps reflect that, at the best, their local affairs would be administered by the same persons as at present, under the name of Committees of the Town Council, instead of Vestries. The evil of rendering their interests

absolutely subservient to political interests would be entirely novel.

Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE, with the easy indifference of a public speaker, persuaded himself for the occasion that municipal revolution was not a party question. "They all knew," he said, "the fatal tendency which demands 'for improvements had to sink into the groove of 'ordinary party politics. He trusted this would not 'be the case with this question. There was no reason 'why it should be. Surely a Conservative or Tory 'politician could demand an efficient government for 'London without any sacrifice of his principles." Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE would probably never have troubled himself with the question if he had not been a party candidate for a metropolitan constituency. He must be well aware that the Town Council or governing body would be elected by the ratepayers, without the slightest regard to administrative capacity, on the nomination of political managers. The Parliamentary representation of the metropolis sufficiently indicates the inevitable result. The cities of London and Westminster would elect Conservative Town Councillors, and the rest of the metropolis would give Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE'S party an overwhelming majority. Mr. GLADSTONE boldly declared at the Guildhall that the provincial Corporations looked only to municipal interests, and were quite independent of party politics. It would be presumptuous, if not profane, to criticize anything which Mr. GLADSTONE may choose to say; but his followers, even if they are of the rank of Sir ARTHUR HOBBHOUSE, are not entitled to the same immunity. The scandalous monopoly which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends have established at Birmingham ought to silence the advocates of a vast London municipality when they profess to believe that it would be independent of politics. The same results would follow from the same causes. At present the members of the Common Council and the Aldermen are, in almost all instances, elected without reference to their political opinions. The Vestries also represent local interests, and they in turn elect the Metropolitan Board of Works without inquiry into their political opinions.

Mr. BEAL'S League probably still adheres to the outlines of an elaborate Bill drawn a year or two ago by some ambitious amateurs, of whom Mr. FIRTH was the only metropolitan member. A slight and significant indication of the nature of the Bill is furnished by the title, according to which it purports to create a Municipality of London. The word Corporation is shorter and more idiomatic, and it describes all existing municipal bodies in Great Britain; but Municipality is, for some unknown reason, thought to be a finer term. The simultaneous creation of a county of London was more conformable to precedent, though its practical object is not apparent. According to the Bill, forty municipal districts were each to elect six members of the Municipal Council, which might as well be called a Town Council, or a Common Council. The details of the project are not worth considering until it has been adopted by the Government. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE, if he introduces a serious measure, will not borrow from Mr. FIRTH the proposal of transferring to the new Corporation the control of the Metropolitan Police. It might be dangerous to give an independent potentate residing at the seat of government the command of a disciplined force of ten or twelve thousand men. The City Police, though it is well organized, is insignificant in numbers; while the Metropolitan Police obeys the orders of the Home Secretary, who appoints its officers. Several years have passed since the tranquillity of London has been seriously threatened by political agitation; but at the time of the Hyde Park disturbance much alarm would have been caused if the police had been at the disposal of a corporate body which might perhaps have sympathized with the rioters. The London police is now useful as a reserve to the county and borough police in all parts of the kingdom, and it is charged with the maintenance of order at popular resorts such as Epsom and Ascot. It would be a strange anomaly to allow such services to be regulated by the representatives of London ratepayers. In this, as in many other respects, the analogy of the provincial corporations is deceptive. Neither Liverpool nor Birmingham is the seat of government; and the largest Northern city contains only a sixth or an eighth part of the population of London. The Lord Mayor, who might be a demagogue, would be the local ruler of a



community equal in numbers to the inhabitants of Scotland.

The experiment of a single municipality has been tried in Paris and New York, which are, after London, the largest existing capitals. The Paris Municipality has promoted one sanguinary civil war, and it causes constant anxiety to the national Government. The democratic Corporation of New York carried corruption and embezzlement to a height which has never before or since been equalled. When the chief criminal was at last prosecuted, he lost none of his popularity with the Irish and indigenous rabble which had shared his ill-gotten gains. At this moment the municipal taxation of New York, imposed by a majority which pays no taxes, is almost intolerably oppressive. The local administration is as inefficient as it is costly. The discreditable proceedings of the Dublin Corporation within the last few days may convey a warning to party innovators. Dublin is, indeed, not unwieldy in size; but it is the seat of a provincial Government with which the Corporation has friendly or hostile relations. The infamous proposal to confer the freedom of the City on Mr. PARNELL would perhaps in any other case have been regarded by Mr. GLADSTONE as a proof of exemption from political influence. The resolution was only defeated by the casting vote of the MAYOR; and the opponents of the motion have since been subjected to the grossest indignities. If London really required municipal institutions, there is much to be said for Mr. MILL's plan of incorporating the Parliamentary boroughs. Several of them are as populous as the great provincial towns, and some of them have a kind of civil unity which is unknown to the metropolis at large. The measure would probably not be grand enough or sufficiently democratic to attract Mr. GLADSTONE's sympathy; but it would supply all the benefits of a single municipality, while it would be free from many objections to the larger scheme. Mr. FIRTH is naturally enamoured of his own proposal, and the greater part of his speech at the Holborn meeting was directed against the comparatively moderate proposal. It is not known in what order the disestablishment of the Corporation stands in Mr. GLADSTONE's list of urgent measures. The fate of the City may be postponed, but it will scarcely be averted.

#### THE AUSTRIAN RED BOOK.

THE Austrian Red Book, or Foreign Office Report, has excited some attention both in England and on the Continent, though the transactions which it records have been for some time completed. Baron HAYMERLE, who probably superintended the compilation of documents before his death, deserves credit for prudence and for courtesy in excluding the correspondence which related to Mr. GLADSTONE's wild denunciation of Austrian policy. The abject apology afterwards made to Count KAROLYI furnished an excuse or reason for suppressing one of the most singular episodes in modern diplomatic history. Probably the expression of Mr. GLADSTONE's passionate antipathies was not forgotten in the more practical discussion which followed. The Austrian Government unwillingly consented to join in the naval demonstration at Dulcigno; but when the most heroic race of moss-troopers in Europe had been placed in possession of the ceded territory, the avoidance of war seems to have been mainly owing to the resolute moderation of Baron HAYMERLE, who accurately represented the feelings and opinions of his countrymen both in Austria and in Hungary. Lord GRANVILLE proposed that Turkey should be forced into the surrender of Thessaly and of the greater part of Epirus by an occupation of Smyrna and by the sequestration of the Customs duties of the port. Russia, as in every other stage of the proceedings, cordially concurred in the policy of an ally who was serving Russian interests with unaccountable zeal. Prince BISMARCK apparently left the conduct of the negotiations to Baron HAYMERLE, who at last assented to the English proposal, though he declined to take part in an operation directly hostile to Turkey. The backwardness of Austria, and the ultimate opposition of France, fortunately prevailed over Mr. GLADSTONE's dangerous policy. The claims of Greece were afterwards partially satisfied as a result of peaceful negotiations, and the complete dissolution of Turkey was once more postponed. It appears from the Red Book that at the end of 1880 the Austrian Ambassador informed his

Government that the SULTAN seemed to be resolved on war. He may perhaps have calculated on the inevitable extension of the quarrel which Mr. GLADSTONE would willingly have fastened on Turkey alone.

In one of the most remarkable of the published despatches Lord GRANVILLE enunciates a sound proposition which his Government has on other occasions either forgotten or directly repudiated. He points to the lesson which, he says, is taught by history, that nothing is to be obtained from Turkey but by force or by threats of force. With a bolder generalization, he adds that "he does not believe in diplomatic action without coercion in reserve." No doctrine can be more entirely sound, or more utterly inconsistent with the principles and the practices of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues. The range of diplomatic action must be narrowly restricted if it is only efficacious when five or six Great Powers are leagued against one adversary who is not a match for the weakest of their number. In less simple cases the English Government, not having coercion in reserve, has not attained great diplomatic success. During the rapid extension of Russian power to the borders of Afghanistan, it has been obvious to all the world that only one of the parties concerned has had coercion in reserve. In the same despatch, Lord GRANVILLE scarcely shows his usual respect for diplomatic propriety when he remarks that the present English Government did not invent any of the pending questions, but inherited them all. In dealing with foreign Powers, the English Government ought to assume its own continuous unity. It was not the business of Baron HAYMERLE to take official notice of the retirement of Lord BEACONSFIELD, or of the accession to office of his bitter enemy. The meaning of the phrase apparently is that the Berlin Treaty was concluded by the late Government, and that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had no choice but to execute the provisions of the treaty. The fallacy of the implied argument is sufficiently shown by the reluctance of Austria, France, and Germany to enforce the performance of stipulations to which, in common with England and Russia, they were parties. Mr. GLADSTONE himself only made naval demonstrations in support of those articles of the treaty which happened to command his sympathy. He used neither force nor rhetoric to secure to the Turkish Government the stipulated possession of the passes of the Balkan, or the virtual sovereignty of East Roumelia.

In some of his despatches Baron HAYMERLE adds the weight of his authority to the reasons which have been frequently urged against further aggression on Turkey. The Austrian Minister was well aware that the permanent maintenance of the Turkish Empire may prove impracticable; but he was not disposed to precipitate the catastrophe, and he could perhaps scarcely understand the sentimental hatred which Mahometanism produces in the minds of sympathizers with Oriental Christianity. As Baron HAYMERLE truly said, no European tribunal has yet declared what should occupy the vacancy to be caused by the disappearance of the Turkish Empire. It was perhaps a bold figure of speech to describe as an Areopagus, or as a court of justice, an assemblage of eager aspirants to participation in the division of the spoil. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, regards with impartial confidence and attachment the rival races on which he would willingly confer the coveted inheritance; but Baron HAYMERLE foresaw the contests which would ensue between Russians and Albanians, and between the Slavs and the Greeks. Conflicts of the kind would probably have broken out by this time if the unauthorized award of the Berlin Conference had been fully executed by the cession to Greece of Janina and of the neighbouring districts of Epirus. The English Government, after the success of the naval demonstration, relied on the plausible calculation that the same causes would elsewhere produce similar effects. The Turks had in the matter of Montenegro submitted to a threat of force, and it was possible that they might be still more effectually frightened by the occupation of Smyrna and the seizure of the Customs revenues. It was nevertheless necessary to consider the alternative. If the SULTAN had on such provocation declared war, it would have been necessary either that England should maintain the quarrel, or that reliance should be placed on the ready aid of Russia. Even in the enthusiasm of its early fondness for the new Government, the country would have been startled either by the prosecution of a war in which no English interest

was concerned, or by the encouragement of Russian designs for striking a final blow against Turkey. To a result which is, on the whole, satisfactory it appears that Austrian prudence largely contributed; but there is no reason to deny that Mr. GLADSTONE'S readiness, for once in his career, to second diplomacy by war had probably much influence in procuring the final cession of Thessaly by the Porte. The professions of moderation and universal good will with which he frequently garnishes his speeches are of more doubtful efficacy.

In diplomatic publications it is always possible that the most interesting matters may have been omitted. If it is true that a proposal made by Prince BISMARCK for an offensive and defensive alliance was declined by the English Government, there can be little doubt that Austria was a party to the overture; but the negotiation must necessarily have been secret, if it is not to be regarded as apocryphal. Such an alliance would have been equivalent to a breach between England and a nearer neighbour, with whom it is more indispensable than with any other Power to maintain friendly relations. The silence of the Red Book on projects of aggression which have lately been attributed to Austria may perhaps be equally inconclusive. A meditated advance on Salonica would certainly not have been published for the information of friends and enemies. It was against such a project that Mr. GLADSTONE'S defiance was originally directed; but there is no reason to suppose that his discourteous cry of "hands off" in any way affected the policy of Austria. An anonymous writer, professing a knowledge of the secret policy of Europe, lately undertook to expose an elaborate scheme of Austrian aggrandizement which involved, as he suggested, political and commercial danger to England. That the possessor of Bosnia should hereafter seek access to the coast of the Ægean is not wholly improbable; but, when the occasion arose, the Austrian Government deprecated, and in great measure prevented, the territorial changes which might have facilitated the acquisition of Salonica. Even if the port were in possession of Austria, English commerce with the Levant and with India might perhaps continue to thrive. The scheme of an Austrian alliance with Greece for the purpose of excluding England from the Mediterranean is remote and not altogether intelligible. During the negotiations of last year it was England, and not Austria, which laboured to extend the boundaries of Greece. A long time must elapse, and many changes must take place, before Austria is in a position to compete with England in trade or in commercial shipping. According to the contention of the alarmists, encouragement of the trade of Salonica would be injurious or ruinous to England. The harbour is already there, but probably the Turks do little to profit by its local advantages. In Austrian hands it would perhaps flourish better; but it has not been the policy of England to discourage the formation or improvement of ports.

#### THE POPE AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

THE meaning assigned to Mr. ERRINGTON'S visit to Rome is excellently calculated to set the more fanatical Protestantism of the country in a flame. It is rumoured that the Government are actually thinking of accrediting, though in an informal way, an English Minister to the Pope. It was bad enough that this should be done when the Pope was a secular prince; but even Exeter Hall could see that, so long as it pleased Providence to leave Antichrist in possession of certain temporal dominions, the fact had to be recognized, however repulsive it might be to pious minds. Now that the temporal sovereignty has been overthrown for more than ten years, and the Pope is universally recognized outside his own palace as neither more nor less than the chief of the Roman Catholic religion, the apparent compliment paid to that religion by accrediting a Minister to its head would be more significant, and consequently more irritating. Why, it will be said, should England have diplomatic relations with the chief of the Italian Roman Catholics, rather than with the chief, if there be one, of the American Baptists or of the Polish Jews? There is an obvious answer to this question; but as it is one the force of which cannot be appreciated without some slight share of common sense, it cannot be expected to carry conviction to Exeter Hall. The reason for maintaining an English Minister at Rome, supposing that one were maintained there, would be that the Pope exercises a

considerable authority over a large number of British subjects, including some of the most troublesome among the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. If any Protestant ecclesiastic, exercising as much authority over his spiritual flock as the Pope exercises over Roman Catholics, had some millions of adherents in Great Britain and Ireland, it would undoubtedly be expedient to keep a representative near him. The reason why we pass over the heads of every Protestant body abroad, and then begin to hesitate whether we ought not to resume diplomatic intercourse with the Pope, lies in the fact that foreign Protestant bodies are not oecumenical in their organization, whatever they may be in the names they give to their assemblies. To an American Baptist an English Baptist is nothing more than a foreigner who happens to hold a form of creed closely allied to his own. The two stand in a position of complete mutual independence. No authority is claimed on the one side, and no obedience rendered on the other. Where Roman Catholics are concerned the case is altogether different. The action of Englishmen professing that religion is influenced in a great number of ways by orders given and words uttered in an Italian palace. It does not matter a jot whether any of the ground outside that palace belongs to the ecclesiastic who issues these orders or speaks these words. His importance is not determined by the number of acres or square miles of which he is nominally sovereign. It depends upon the extent of his real sovereignty; and, in measuring this, the two things to be taken into account are the character of the spiritual influence he exerts and the number of persons over whom it is exercised.

From both these points of view the Pope is still a very great personage, and as such it might often be useful to the English Government to be able to communicate with him freely through properly accredited agents. When Belgium abolished the Legation at Rome, or when the French Left profess their desire to follow their neighbours' example, Englishmen can see that for a Government to deprive itself of any kind of information that may be useful to it is simply to spite itself. No matter what the vices of the Roman Catholic religion may be, it is still the religion of most Irishmen, of many Canadians, and of a considerable number of Englishmen and Scotchmen. With all these, the Pope's word has very great weight upon all subjects connected with religion. It is consequently of some moment that the English Government should know exactly what directions the Pope gives on these matters, and, still more, that it should be in a position to ensure that he does not speak without accurate knowledge of the facts to which his words relate. Very often, no doubt, the questions upon which the Pope is moved to address his spiritual subjects do not touch secular affairs. But occasionally they may touch them very closely, and exceptional occasions are precisely those to which diplomacy is intended to apply. The last twelve months in Ireland have been eminently a case in point. The Pope was anxious to know the meaning of the land agitation in Ireland, and he naturally looked for what he wanted to the Irish bishops in Rome. According to a contemporary, the result of their explanations was, as might have been expected, to give the Pope a very much more favourable opinion of the Land League and its doings than he would have formed if the evidence at his disposal had been less one-sided. But for a letter from Sir GEORGE BOWYER, declaring that, if Catholicism became associated with the outrages that were being committed in Ireland, English public opinion would become as anti-Papal as it was fifty years ago, he might have remained undisturbed in this conviction. If we had had a representative at the Vatican, the Pope would not have had to depend for accurate news about the state of Ireland upon a chance letter addressed to one of his attendants. The Minister would have taken care to keep the Pope thoroughly informed as to the relations of the Land League with the Government and the people, and the Pope would have known to whom to address himself if at any time he wanted further explanations.

Advantageous as diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican might have proved from the point of view of the pacification of Ireland, it does not follow that the benefits in question still admit of being realized. When diplomatic intercourse has long been suspended, its renewal will naturally be read in the light of contemporary politics. It will be argued that the object of the English Government is not to keep the Pope acquainted with the general course



of English affairs, but to come to an understanding with him on the specific controversy in which the Irish Roman Catholic clergy have taken so prominent a part. It would be useless to deny the *a priori* advantages of coming to such an understanding. If by so doing we could dissociate the Irish bishops and priests from the agrarian conspiracy, we should at all events have deprived our adversary of a very powerful ally. It is very doubtful, however, whether at this particular juncture the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Vatican would not have the very opposite results to those looked for. The Roman Catholic bishops have discovered, as it was all along certain that they must discover, that the orders of the Land League directly contradict the Ten Commandments. They were quite ready to give their approval to the cry of Fair Rents, but they are not willing to see that cry develop into one of No Rents. If this unwillingness were likely to be confirmed and strengthened by the establishment of more intimate relations between the Pope and the English Government, it might be well worth the while of the Government to try the experiment. Though the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy is not what it once was in Ireland, and though its weakness in this particular matter has repeatedly been proved, it is still a very considerable addition to the side with which it allies itself. Now for the first time it is showing some inclination to ally itself with the friends of honesty and public tranquillity. But nothing would be so likely to check any such inclination on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy as the knowledge that it would be set down by their flocks to the receipt of orders from Rome to back up the English Government. Nothing would be so certain to make the clergy hated in Ireland, and consequently nothing would be so likely to set them upon evading obedience by every means in their power. If there is any value to the English Government in the opposition of the Irish bishops and priests to the recent policy of the Land League, this value will be altogether destroyed if it can be said with any show of truth that they are condemning this policy, not because it is contrary to good morals, but because they have been bidden to condemn it by a Pope who wants to obtain the favour of the English Government. The support of the Roman Catholic clergy at this crisis will be worthless if it is not spontaneous, and nothing would discredit its spontaneity so much as a renewal of diplomatic relations between England and the Pope. It may possibly be a wise step to take by and by, when Ireland is quiet; it cannot be a wise step to take now, when Ireland is disturbed.

#### OFFENDING CHILDREN.

THE HOME SECRETARY has turned aside for a moment from the congenial jokes of political strife to the dreary realities which specially belong to the department with which he is accidentally associated. In opening a new Industrial School at Cockermouth Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke his mind about a class of offenders which the increasing tenderness of public opinion makes it daily more difficult to deal with. The fashionable theory for some time past has been that children can do no wrong. They do things which would be wrong in other people, but they are not to blame for doing them. They may destroy property or endanger life; they may pull up flowers, break windows, or stick lighted matches into haystacks; they may throw stones at passing trains, or place any iron bars that they find lying about across a line of railway; but it is not their fault. If their parents are living, it is they who are morally responsible for their children's errors. If their parents are dead, it is unreasonable to expect orphans to be any better than they should be. It is no wonder that this state of things should drive magistrates to despair. If they let an offending child go, they have an unpleasant consciousness that his exploits will evoke a host of imitators. If they send him to prison, they are not at all sure that he will not come out worse than he went in—not to mention the probability that the sentence will be remitted by the Home Secretary almost before the local newspapers have had time to denounce the unpaid justices for passing it. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is bound to do something towards amending this state of things, and it is to be hoped that the Cumberland magistrates went home a little happier than they

came out. He could only, it is true, indicate the changes which he would have liked to make this year; but, as they are also the changes which he proposes to make next year provided only that he can find time, a sanguine country gentleman may easily persuade himself that the worst is over, and that by next August at latest he will have the means of dealing to some purpose with offenders even of the tenderest age. Weak as this ground of confidence may be, it is more trustworthy than the statistics by which the HOME SECRETARY sought to make out that juvenile crime is decreasing. It may readily be believed that the number of children under fourteen years of age who are daily returned to the Home Office as being inmates of prisons is very much less than it was. Nowadays a magistrate who has any regard for his own comfort will take very good care not to send a child under fourteen to prison. Even he, however, may not think the offence deserving of five years' detention in a reformatory, and, as there is virtually no third alternative, he probably dismisses the boy with a reprimand which is scarcely to be distinguished from an intimation to all whom it may concern that, if they choose to do likewise, they may do so with entire impunity. This is the state of things which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT oddly described as one of which there is now "very little practically to complain."

Fortunately, though the HOME SECRETARY thinks there is little to find fault with in a system which leaves children to do pretty much what they please, he is willing to put even that little straight. The changes in the law which he has undertaken to introduce would undoubtedly effect a very real improvement in the existing methods of dealing with mischievous children. He proposes, in the first place, to give magistrates the power of locking up a boy for twenty-four hours and giving him a sound whipping. If the tender-hearted philanthropists who hold that there is something essentially degrading in the contact with a birch rod will allow this punishment to be inflicted, it will go a long way to improving matters. Most boys are fond enough of mischief to do it, if they are not afraid of the consequences. As it is, the nominal consequences are so severe that they are very seldom realized. A boy knows that those of his companions who have been carried before the magistrates for some act of unprovoked mischief have come back no worse off than they went, and he naturally draws the moral that he may give himself the same amusement, with no undue anxiety as to the result. It will be different if, between the departure to court and the return, twenty-four hours' confinement and a sound whipping has been interposed. There is no reason why a penalty of this nature and amount should not be inflicted impartially upon every offender; and, by the time this has been done for a year or two, the enjoyment of doing mischief will probably be very much lessened. In towns, at all events, a few cells might be attached to the Police Courts, and in them a boy who had been sentenced to be whipped might compare in solitude the pain of the stripes with the pleasure for which the stripes had been incurred. In the case of older boys, however, a somewhat longer sentence than twenty-four hours might have to be passed, and then another of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's suggestions might usefully be adopted. There are degrees even in childish offences, and if a week or a month passed under pretty sharp discipline would be sufficient to make a boy careful not to offend again, it is plainly bad economy to send him to a reformatory for five years. What seems to be wanted is a kind of correctional ward, which for convenience sake might be attached either to a reformatory or to an industrial school, but which, except locally, should not form part of either. To these wards children might be sent for short terms without any risk of being demoralized by contact with older offenders, and without incurring the specific disgrace which belongs to imprisonment. In this, as in many other instances, the deterrent effect of punishment lies mainly in its certainty, and nothing does more to diminish certainty than a want of proportion between the offence and the penalty. So long as a judge must make his choice between two inappropriate sentences—one which is in excess of what the case demands and one which falls short of it—the prisoner may always hope that he will get less than he deserves rather than more. Of course if sentences of detention for short periods in correctional wards are to become the rule in dealing with childish offenders, the provision of these wards must not be left to chance. They must be built in sufficient numbers, at the

cost of the community. It would probably be found expedient for the central Government to take the burden upon itself, and thus to insure that uniformity of management and discipline which has been introduced, with such excellent results, into the county gaols.

Still, when all these improvements have been effected, there will remain offences which can hardly be visited with any justice upon the actual offender. It is easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the amount of responsibility which parents ought to bear for the acts of their children. The father is usually at work all day; and, if the mother is also at work, the children may be little better than orphans. Among the very poor personal care of children is a luxury which they can seldom afford. The utmost that both parents can do is to support the family by their united labour, and before the paramount necessity of keeping body and soul together all other considerations disappear. There are other cases, however, in which the children's faults may plainly be traced to the carelessness of the parents; and when these faults assume a form of which the law is obliged to take cognizance, it is the parent, not the child, that ought to be punished. It would hardly be expedient to extend this principle to cases in which the offender must suffer in person; but it should be universally applied wherever the penalty is a fine. A fine imposed on a child is necessarily paid by the parent if it is paid at all; while, if it is not paid, the alternative imprisonment is borne by the child. There is thus a very great inequality in the treatment of childish offences, according as those who commit them are the children of very poor or of moderately well-to-do parents. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT proposes to remedy this by imposing the fines directly upon the parent, and taking power to levy them on his goods. Offences which are not serious enough to condemn those guilty of them to a long period of detention in a reformatory school will thus be divided, according to their degree of heinousness, into those which touch the parent's pocket and those which touch the child's person. This would certainly be a very great improvement upon the existing classification.

#### THE COUNTRY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

A FINE old timbered farmhouse standing close by the churchyard in the pretty Warwickshire village of Dunchurch is still known in local tradition as Guy Fawkes's house. It was here that Catesby, and his associates had arranged to meet before the hunt which was to be the pretext for their gathering, and hither the leaders hastened on the news of Fawkes's arrest, to be deserted by all but those who were too deeply involved to hope for mercy. The village, a famous posting-station in the old days, stands on the high road between London and Birmingham, on the brow of a line of low hills. Raines Brook, which here forms the boundary of Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, winds along the valley below to join the Leam between Wolscote and Kytles Hardwick. In the opposite direction, towards Coventry and Birmingham, the road runs for nearly three miles through an avenue of magnificent Scotch firs, and where these end they are succeeded by elms which carry on the line for some two or three miles more. The road here passes by Dunsmore Heath, where the great hunt to which Digby invited the conspirators was to have taken place. It was then a wild expanse of moorland, and in Dugdale's time it was still, he tells us, "a den of thieves and manslayers, by whom the road from Coventre to Dunchurch was much infested." Dunchurch itself is the model of an English village; many of the houses and cottages are both old and beautiful, and the more modern buildings, if they do not add to the picturesque effect, are not for the most part of such a character as to interfere with it. Roses grow luxuriantly on the clay soil, and in summer many cottages are completely covered with blossoms. The church, like many others in Warwickshire, is of red sandstone. The tower, which is finely proportioned, has a turret in one corner, and slightly resembles the tower of New College, Oxford, though it is on a far smaller scale. The outside of the church is still beautiful, in spite of the modern addition of a vestry; but in the interior paint and plaster have done their worst. In the middle of the village stands the market cross, flanked by the stocks which still remain as a terror to evildoers, though the children commonly use them for a vaulting horse, just as birds have been known to build their nests in scarecrows. The principal inn is named after the legendary Dun Cow of Warwick; but of course this legend has no connexion with the name of the parish itself, which is of very much earlier origin, and is derived from the hill upon which the village stands. The greater part of Dunchurch, as well as of the adjoining parish of Bilton, was granted in Stephen's reign to the monastery of Pipewell, in Northamptonshire, and the Grange stood on the boundary between the two parishes. Its site is now occupied by a fine house in the Tudor style, built by Pugin for the Roman Catholic family who were until lately the owners of

the estate. The name Bilton Grange is still retained. Bilton Hall, a beautiful old house surrounded by tall elms, is interesting as having belonged to Addison, who occasionally lived there. His only daughter succeeded him, and died at the Hall in 1797. She must then have been nearly, if not quite, eighty years old, for her father died in 1719, after a married life of barely three years. The village, though smaller than Dunchurch, is perhaps even more picturesque. It is not situated on any great thoroughfare, and so has a more secluded air. It is also comparatively free from the hordes of bicyclists from Coventry, who, tempted by ten or twelve miles of level road, make Dunchurch hideous with dust and shouting on every fine Sunday in the year. The lanes have broad margins of grass which no encroaching landowner has enclosed, and a pleasant sense of ease and leisure pervades the whole place. The country round, though not so rich in beautiful scenery as the more westerly parts of Warwickshire, will still better please those who admire above all things an extensive view. From the tower at Dunchurch one can see for miles across the rich pasture lands of Northamptonshire, dotted here and there with spinneys and gorse coverts. In this direction lies all the best part of the famous Pycheley country, and the meets at Lilbourne, Crick, and Yelvertoft draw together fields numbering many hundred horsemen. But the absence of large woods, however well it may fulfil the requirements of fox-hunting, gives a certain monotony to the scenery, and the eye turns gladly southward towards the mass of dark foliage which clothes the high ground at Shuckburgh. To the west the view is less uniform. There is more ploughed land, and therefore greater variety of colour. Woods, too, are larger and more numerous. About a mile away on this side is the beautiful park of Causton, with its broad belt of fine old trees, and the pretty cottage which does duty as the Hall. To the south-west lie Frankton Wood, and the larger masses of trees which occur at intervals between Frankton and Stoneleigh. Beyond is the valley of the Avon, which contains, just in this part of its course, perhaps a greater number of picturesque water-mills than any equal extent of river elsewhere in England. The brooks winding slowly through the low-lying lands on their way to join the Avon are thickly fringed with reeds and bulrushes, and here and there a piece of marshy ground has been turned to good account as an osier-bed. Brown water-rats swim quickly to and fro across the stream, or sit on the broad leaves and gnaw the succulent stems of the river plants; shy moorheens rush to the shelter of the bank where some bush overhangs the water, as one passes not quite noiselessly by; and sometimes two or three wild duck, startled by the slightest sound, rise with much splashing from a quiet pool among the reeds.

The neighbourhood of Dunchurch abounds with memories of the old coaching days. Outside the village, on a road which joins the highway to Coventry with Watling Street, is the old "Cock Robin" inn. It is now converted into cottages, but the solid walls and high-pitched roof remain. Still more famous is the "Blue Boar," now a farmhouse, which stands on the Coventry road itself, about two miles west of Dunchurch. From this point we go on by lanes and bridle-roads past Wolston and Brandon to Combe Abbey, where the Princess Elizabeth was living under the care of Lord Harrington at the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Lingard states that, when the news of Fawkes's arrest was brought to Dunchurch, the conspirators abandoned their design of seizing the Princess, and proceeded at once on their desperate march into Worcestershire. This view, however, is contradicted by the annals of Coventry, which state that the attempt was only foiled by Lord Harrington's foresight in conveying his ward within the walls of the city, and keeping her there until the danger was over. This statement is confirmed by a contemporary authority whom Lingard and other writers seem to have overlooked. Within a few weeks from the discovery of the plot, John Barclay, a Scotchman, the author of the *Argenis* and of several polemical works, wrote a pamphlet entitled *Series paterfamilias divinitus paricidii in ter Maximam Regem regnumque Britannia cogitati et instructi*. The pamphlet is interesting in more ways than one; but the passage which chiefly concerns us at present is the following:—"Generosos aliquot nobilissimi Harringtonii equos rapuerant, fures magis quam hostes. Et pene paricidarum consilium palam erat, voluisse sublato Rege et confusis miserabili calamitate omnibus, Serenissimam Elizabetham Regis filiam, quæ Burlii educabatur, in potestate sua esse, eam deinde collocari nuptui, prout rerum status et vel exteriorum exigeret favor, vel metus urgeret. Sed populus ab eorum scelere aversus, quocunque se contulerant aut oppidorum aditu prohibebant, aut etiam infestis armis abeuntes prosequabantur." The first sentence certainly implies that a raid was actually made upon Combe, and Coventry was no doubt one of the towns which refused to admit the insurgents. "Burlii" must be a misprint for "Binlii," as Combe is in the parish of Binley, and the village is just outside the park. The abbey was founded in the reign of Stephen for Cistercian monks, and its estates were granted by Edward VI. to the Earl of Warwick. Upon his execution they reverted to the Crown, and were afterwards granted to Robert Kelway, whose daughter married Sir John Harrington. Harrington was one of the first barons created by James I., and was entrusted, as we have seen, with the education of the Princess Elizabeth, whom he accompanied abroad on her marriage with the Elector Palatine. About the year 1617, the Combe estate changed hands once more, being bought by the executors of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London in 1610. His heir was created baron in 1627, and became Viscount Uffington and Earl



of Craven fourteen years later. The estate has remained in the family ever since. The late Earl spent the last years of his life in building a magnificent new wing to the abbey; but the work was left unfinished at his death, and has not since been continued. It is in the purest Gothic style, and is characterized by a rich profusion of material and a careful execution of the minutest details which have not been too common in modern reproductions of ancient styles. Of the monastery itself nothing but a part of the cloisters remains. The abbey contains some fine pictures, chiefly of the Dutch and Flemish schools, including several very good Vandykes. Beyond their intrinsic merits, the greater number of the pictures are interesting as having belonged to Elizabeth of Bohemia. The first Earl of Craven came under her notice when fighting in the Netherlands in the army of Prince Henry of Orange. She conceived a great regard for him, and, at her death, left him her books, papers, and pictures, thus renewing her early associations with the place where she had been brought up.

The place most closely connected with the history of the Gunpowder Plot is the manor-house of Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire, which was then the principal seat of the Catesby family. It lies about six miles south-east of Dunchurch, near Crick railway-station. The estate came by marriage into the possession of John Catesby at the beginning of the reign of Richard II. The family escaped extermination in the Wars of the Roses, and the founder's grandson, Sir William Catesby—the "cat" of the familiar couplet—died at Bosworth fighting for Richard III. He was attainted after his death; but the attaint was reversed, and his estates were restored to his heirs in 1495. Sir William, the representative of the family in Elizabeth's reign, adhered to the Romish faith, and was concerned in the attempted rising under the Earl of Essex. However, he contrived to hand down his estates to his son Robert. Ashby St. Ledgers was by no means the only estate owned by the Catesbys in the midland counties. Their name is preserved in the little village of Catesby, which lies just within the borders of Northamptonshire, a few miles south-west of Daventry; and among other manors which were at one time or another in the possession of the family was that of Lapworth, in the west of Warwickshire, which was sold to Sir Edward Greville by this very Robert, no doubt to defray the expenses of the plot. When the "glans plumbea," of which John Barclay speaks so exultingly, had done its work, the Catesby estates of course escheated to the Crown, and after several changes of ownership Ashby St. Ledgers was sold to John Ashley, in whose family it remained until the close of the eighteenth century. The house is a fine old gabled building; but it has been added to and altered from time to time until it presents a somewhat nondescript appearance. The most interesting feature of the place is a small chamber with a bay window, which is built over an old gateway separating the house from the church. Here local tradition says that Catesby used to meet the other leading conspirators and confer with them about their plans. Perhaps he sometimes pictured himself the Minister of a Catholic king of England. At any rate, we may be sure that he did not anticipate the argument against his chances of success which is thus quaintly expressed in Barclay's hexameters:—

Quid perfida tela  
Abdere, quid tanto componere sulphure fulmen,  
Quid juvat occultæ tot semina condere flammæ?  
Ah miseri prohibete minas. Sua numina novit  
Fulmen, et in magnum nescit peccare tonantem.

#### DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

THE Home Secretary has presented himself to the country in the light of an inspector of lunacy. Sir Stafford Northcote, it appears, had talked of the madness of the people, and Sir William Harcourt was particularly anxious to know what a lunatic people are like. So he went to stay with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Sir Wilfrid and his guest went down to Workington last Monday. On the previous Saturday at Cocker-mouth the Home Secretary had been non-political; but apparently lunatics do not understand this attitude. On the same day he had been highly complimentary to Mr. Percy Wyndham; but it seems that lunatics do not understand this kind of compliment either. Sir Wilfrid is a very stark man, and he in his turn does not understand guests who refuse to play the game; so a field day had to be arranged at Workington, and the two celebrated jesters journeyed thither. The incidents of the journey are not recorded, but any one who appreciates the character of the two speakers will at once understand the situation. There is a picture in *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* which represents the probable attitude of the two to the life. "Jack Hubbard, that merry rogue," is meditating an impromptu, and, according to Thackeray, meditating at the same time on the bill which comes due next Thursday. It is not at all likely that Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir William Harcourt meditated on any such subject as the latter; but they must have been sorely exercised as to the jokes which each was going to lay before the intelligent Workingtonians. A great responsibility lay on each. Our contemporary the *Spectator* has decided that, except when the Home Secretary opens his month, *à présent c'est bien fini de rire*. "You know how hard I am to move," as Smollett's hero remarked; and it is no light thing to feel charged with the function of making some persons merry. On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid Lawson is to the world in general even more

important than the Home Secretary as a living, walking, and speaking proof that Radicalism is not necessarily destructive of the merriment of England. Both of these merry men have been somewhat under a cloud of late. The wheels of their chariots have somehow been taken off, and they drive them with exceeding heaviness. They "jock w' deeficulty," obviously owing to the fact that all the people round them are utterly unable to jock at all. Too great a sense of responsibility has been known in various relations of life to be fatal to the otherwise undoubted powers of the responsible person. An ordinary speaker can get out a printed abstract of his speech beforehand, with "cheers" marked in brackets at the proper places. But the laughing muscles of humanity are remarkably obdurate. Even a West Cumbrian cannot laugh at an impromptu unless it has at least the appearance of being an impromptu, and so this resource was closed to the two champions who went down to Workington on Monday to prove by jests that Radicalism is the only God and that Mr. Gladstone is his prophet.

It can hardly surprise any one to find that the Home Secretary came out of the valley of the shadow of heavy jokes, on the whole, the best. Everybody knows the proverb about "Tell me whom you live with"; and Sir William Harcourt has, on the whole, the advantage of his host in point of association. No one can have with impunity the United Kingdom Alliance perpetually around him. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's wit confined itself to such remarks as that Sir William Harcourt was "a big 'un," that the air was "heavy with Lowthers," that Mr. Percy Wyndham was "a crafty old fox," and that Mr. Cavendish Bentinck's Christian names were George Augustus. The Workingtonians cheered, which was amiable of them, and Sir Wilfrid was doubtless satisfied. Fortunately or unfortunately for the Home Secretary, he has not as yet made his home with Mr. Dawson Burns. An uneasy sense that the ears of Europe—and of our contemporary before mentioned—are upon him is often discernible in Sir William Harcourt's eloquence nowadays. He seems to have passed his jokes through a process of self-criticism, and not to be satisfied with them. "It was not thus" (one fancies him meditating) "that I joked when I was not convinced that Mr. Gladstone was the crown and flower of humanity." So the Home Secretary began his inspection of the lunacy of West Cumberland by a plea *ad misericordiam*. He had a cold, and the trains were late. "The boy on his right"—that is to say, Sir Wilfrid—would joke for them. He (Sir William) was but a secondary performer. This, it is true, was only a preliminary canter. The relentless trainers and jockeys who had got hold of Sir William Harcourt were determined to have a real run out of him for their money, and a run they had. The Home Secretary began by comparing West Cumberland to Cyprus, and his ingenuity does not seem to have quite sufficed to persuade his hearers that this was a compliment. For, according to Sir William Harcourt, Cyprus is about the least respectable part, and still more, the least profitable part, of the British dominions, and the West Cumbrians oddly enough seem not altogether to have appreciated the comparison. Even after this brilliant paradox, the Home Secretary made a vain effort to throw up the sponge, saying that "the public had had as much speaking lately as it knew what to do with." It was no good; he had to go on. So he told the West Cumbrians (as a private confidence never yet vouchsafed to any audience except themselves) that "London was not the nation." This was cheered, and it seems to have inspired him with what was perhaps his happiest thought. "The late Government," he said, "fancied that they had discovered the elixir of political life." The phrase is not bad; but are there no other Governments which seem to have the same fancy? "The verdict of the country," said Sir William Harcourt, growing bolder as he went on, "is not unfavourable to Mr. Gladstone." This was on the 31st of October, and the Home Secretary thought that his greatness was ripe. Next day there came a killing frost, and, somehow or other, the newspapers which since 1877, or thereabouts, have had enthusiastic articles on the lessons of the municipal elections, passed them over without so much as a notice. However, it may be admitted that the Home Secretary could not know this. A more remarkable statement followed. "The history of England for the last fifty years," said the speaker, "had been the history of the Liberal party, and for the last five-and-twenty it had been the history of the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone." It is pleasant to think what Englishmen of old would have said if they had been told that the history of their country was nothing but the history of a single man. The idle mind seems somehow to hear some far-off echoes of what was said two years ago about personal government, till it remembers that an unfortunate statesman with a bad cold and an inexorable host waiting to cap all his best things is not to be judged too hardly. As usual, time's noblest offspring was his last. Sir William—cold and host notwithstanding—had a "crusher" for the finale. If the policy of his party, he said, was as bad as it had been represented, how was it that in the last fifty years England had not been utterly undone? Sir William seems to have an inadequate idea of his forefathers, and a something more than adequate idea of the powers of his own party. The edifice of fifteen hundred years cannot be destroyed in fifty even by the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone, though fairness obliges us to admit that the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone have done a surprising amount of work in that direction. After this the seventh age of Sir William Harcourt's eloquence was too much like the Shakspearian description to be dwelt upon. The Ground Game Act—"My little Bill, sir"—was

the evidence produced to prove the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and the Home Secretary remarked that "No man can contract himself out of it." Sir William Harcourt is a lawyer, and has filled responsible positions in the legal hierarchy. But if he will apply to any ordinary solicitor or barrister, he will hear of a very simple plan for contracting himself, or anybody else, out of his favourite Act, which, to use the words of a competent witness, is "polishing hares off the face of the earth," and which only spares deer because (as Mr. Labouchere knows) they are "winged game," and therefore exempt from its provisions.

It is impossible for any generous person to read these speeches without a profound sense of sadness. Miltonic, Virgilian, and Tennysonian reminiscences crowd upon the mind, and generally embody themselves in a *quantum mutatus ab illo*. The quotation does not apply to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who was heavyish at his best. But there was a time when Sir William Harcourt did not hold quite the same opinion about the genius and character of Mr. Gladstone, and when he had no need to plead colds and the lateness of trains. The Workington speeches make one think of that uncomfortable poem, *The Last Tournament*. The spears are not broken in the orthodox manner, and, unfortunately, outside the lists there are competitors in the unorthodox manner who must make the veteran jousts a little uncomfortable. When political argument resolves itself into talking about "the air being heavy with Lowthers," and "Lowthers disappearing fast from civilized society," and "George Augustus Cavendish Bentincks," and suchlike things, one somehow turns from Workington to Hull, from the setting to the rising stars of this firmament. If this sort of personality is to be the political argument of the future, Lord Randolph Churchill can give points to the Home Secretary and to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He carries his audience more thoroughly along with him; he has higher game to fly at (for the Radical "Jockers," on the whole, treat the leaders of their opponents not indeed with respect, but with a kind of distant semblance of it, which seems to imply more of fear than anything else), and he is not burdened with any traditions of a different style of warfare. Sir William Harcourt and his friends set the example of an entirely new kind of fighting in their 1879-80 campaign. We shall not say, as an outspoken partisan has lately said, that the fight was won by "hard lying"; but it was certainly won by hard language. Now hard language is at the disposal of any one who has a lively tongue, a certain amount of brains, and a determination to win without too much scrupulousness about the means of winning. The strong man, in point of Billingsgate, only keeps his house until a stronger and younger than he comes and casts him out. It is much more comely, no doubt, to confine the combat to rapier thrust and parry; but if a worsted combatant takes to catching up stones and mud, and flinging them at his opponents, he must not complain if stones and mud are flung back. We prefer the rapier; but that is a matter of individual predilection. To judge the latest interchange of the coarser weapons, impartially and by results, it must be decided, on the whole, that the juniors have it; and the most reasonable moral on the whole matter is "Vous l'avez voulu." Much allowance must of course be made for the natural incapacity of Gladstonians pure and simple to make a joke. Perhaps when Liberalism has emancipated itself from its temporary prison and has returned to a freer air, it may be possible to find champions who can jest. At present such champions are old hands of very doubtful orthodoxy, whose neo-orthodox fervour seems somehow or other to have decidedly interfered with their faculty of joking. They are conscious of the fact, and have become abusive instead of jocular, and now they cry aloud to earth and heaven because controlment is met with controlment. We are not much enamoured of the response, but it is just as well to remember who gave the challenge.

#### THE ORDER OF CORPORATE REUNION.

OUR readers may recollect our calling attention four years ago to the foundation of the mysterious Society which rejoices in the sonorous designation of the "Order of Corporate Reunion." A "Pastoral" had then just been issued by the three nameless hierarchs who under such lofty titles as "Bishop of Caerleon," and "Provincial" of—we forget exactly what—had assumed the leadership of the new communion. It was darkly intimated that these prelates whose new-fledged splendours were thus suddenly flashed on the world had secured somehow or other an episcopal succession which combined the lines of all the great historical Churches in East and West; but all particulars of name, place, and other detailed circumstances, were carefully suppressed. The obedience of the faithful throughout the Anglican communion was challenged for sees of more ancient date and claiming a more legitimate jurisdiction than Canterbury or York, although the first question likely to be asked by those inclined to respond to the call—as to the antecedents and position of the unnamed personages who arrogated to themselves these august prerogatives—remained unanswered. It was only natural in the absence of authentic information that various reports should circulate as to who these new Bishops and Provincials really were. That they were to be found among the clergy of the Established Church was plainly implied. And it soon began to be vaguely rumoured that Mr. A. had been seen in a purple cassock, and Dr. B. wearing an episcopal ring, or that the Vicar of C. was observed to pronounce the Benediction with

three fingers extended and "processed" about his church with "a fine pontifical strut." It was confidently asserted in some quarters that at least two hundred incumbents had joined the nascent community, and that there was no English diocese where it did not find representatives. And then there was mention made from time to time, in newspaper paragraphs ostensibly inspired but solemnly obscure, of Chapters or Synods, and occasionally scraps of liturgical or ritual offices published by authority found their way into the columns of these newspapers. One or two numbers also appeared at long intervals of the *Reunion Magazine*, which communicated from headquarters such fragments of information as the public were deemed worthy to receive. But a heavy veil still hung over the portals of this Church of the Future, which may perhaps have been withdrawn, or partially withdrawn, for the initiated few who sought entrance to its sacred precincts, but was impervious to the outer world. Rumour in such cases is sure to be busy—*facta, infecta refert*—and how much or how little credit should attach to these floating stories or surmises nobody could pretend to determine. At length, however, a writer, who is avowedly a member and presumably an authority of the newly-established Church, has come forward to lift the veil. In the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* Dr. F. G. Lee undertakes to instruct the general public on the nature and objects of this "first open and systematic attempt to face bravely the dangers and difficulties of divisions," which, as he tells us, "was founded quite recently, on the 8th of September, 1877." To be sure his revelation is quite as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains, and we are left after all very much in the dark on certain points as to which one might suppose that any one anxious to find refuge for his soul in this new ark of safety would first of all require to be satisfied. However, we must be thankful for small mercies, and be content to make the most of the modicum of enlightenment vouchsafed to us.

The reasons for founding the new Order are thus stated by Dr. Lee, whose words shall be given as they stand to avoid any risk of misapprehension. It will be observed that in a general way they correspond with the causes usually assigned for the origin of the Tractarian movement in 1833. In either case dangers and abuses in the English Church were alleged which called for strenuous action on the part of her ministers and adherents, but whereas the Tractarians aspired to reform abuses through the use and development of the existing machinery, the "O. C. R."—so far as we can gather—offers an entirely new and independent machinery for the purpose. But that will appear more clearly by and by. Dr. Lee thus expounds the *raison d'être* of his new community:—

The origin of the Order thus arose:—A certain number of persons within the pale of the Establishment realised keenly the distasteful fact that those rulers and guides who by their rank, office, and opportunities, ought to have been actively engaged in defending things spiritual within that community, were evidently doing nothing of the kind: some of them, in fact, the very reverse. Many of the chief rulers obviously defended little else than their own authority and temporal possessions. Church rates had been duly abolished; the Conscience Clause deliberately allowed; the Divorce Bill had become law; the Elementary Education Act had been passed; and subsequently the whole machinery for any exercise of episcopal jurisdiction throughout England efficiently destroyed, by the simultaneous abolition of the Canterbury Court of Arches, the Chancery Court of York, and all the episcopal and archidiaconal courts of each and every diocese at "one fell swoop," through the setting-up of a new judge in a new court created alone by a recent Act of Parliament. They furthermore started with the assumption, if such it be, that the divisions of the Reformation era, by which the English Church—cut off from visible communion with the rest of Christendom—has remained ever since isolated and impotent because of its isolation, are a great practical curse, causing a vast waste of energy, continual disputations, and still more divisions: and that no more pressing nor lofty duty lies before the baptised than active co-operation and earnest work to secure visible Corporate Reunion.

But there was in fact another, and as he admits, still more important, ground for the scheme adopted. The existing evils requiring to be remedied are summed up in the Pastoral under six heads, and it was, we are expressly told, "mainly because of" the last two "that the policy of the O. C. R. was first formulated, and afterwards duly defined and defended." These points are thus laid down:—

5. Uncertainty of sacramental status, arising from the long-continued prevalence of shameful neglect and carelessness in the administration of Baptism, contrary to the directions contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

6. Want of an unquestioned Episcopal Succession.

The grand difficulty therefore, to which we shall have to return presently, was the doubtful validity of Anglican ordinations. Meanwhile the formal establishment of the Society is described in some detail by the writer. It seems that in the summer of 1877 "a solemn preliminary Synod was duly held in London, consisting of certain representative clergy of the Established Church, a *Promotor Fidei*, [P] with a notary public." On this solemn occasion "Mass in English according to the ancient Salisbury rite was said at daybreak, and all present communicated." And the use of the Salisbury—commonly, we imagine, called the Sarum—rite—i.e. the missal generally used in England before the Reformation—was no passing accident. "This deliberate liturgical restoration was an avowed protest against the tyranny and injustice of those who had robbed the national Church of its most sacred treasure, and had substituted for it the mongrel, mutilated, and bald service for the Lord's Supper now in public use." Moreover, the restoration "was effected for the O. C. R., by competent spiritual authority." We are told further that forms for the sacraments of Confirmation and Ordination and for giving Communion from the Reserved Sacrament were sanctioned by the same authority. But what pre-



ciously that authority is, or wherein its competence consists, is not explained. After the initial Mass and Synod all who could not produce satisfactory testimony of the validity of their baptism "had that sacrament administered to them *sub conditione*," and the Pastoral was carefully discussed and eventually adopted. "It is said to have been first promulgated about two months afterwards [why this sudden change from direct to indirect narration?], on the morning of the foundation day, the 8th September, from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral by competent authority, in the face of credible witnesses." Perhaps this ceremony also was performed "at daybreak." The document "was then despatched to all the English bishops, deans, and proctors in Convocation, to the Holy Father, and to many distinguished Catholic prelates and theologians in various countries," and we are further assured that "its tone and terms secured a wide and almost universal commendation." Except as regards the last point, the authority for which is not given, the procedure reminds one strongly of the first start of the Irvingite movement, when the new Apostles also presented their credentials to the Pope, and to all the English, and we believe many foreign bishops, as well as to all Christian Sovereigns. We pass over the long extracts from the Pastoral which follow, as the document was noticed in our columns on its first appearance four years ago.

Our readers will have seen that the members of the new Order were conditionally baptized, and, inasmuch as baptism is an indispensable condition for the valid reception of all other "sacraments which impart a character," it follows of course that such of them as were clerics were next conditionally ordained. By the way we notice here one or two little slips in Dr. Lee's theology, if it is intended, as we may fairly presume it is, to be based on Tridentine teaching. He recounts "Confirmation, Orders, and Unction," as the three "sacraments which impart a character." According to the Council of Trent baptism should be substituted here for extreme unction, which last does not impart a character, and therefore may be, and often is, repeated. We are told again that "there is no other door or way of entrance besides [baptism] except the Baptism of Blood—i.e. martyrdom." The Tridentine Catechism, however, specifies "the baptism of desire," as well as the "baptism of blood"; as Dr. Lee puts it, none of the heathen, e.g., could be saved. But to return to what, on his own showing, is the fundamental principle and justification of the new Order, the security of valid Orders and Sacraments. It is precisely here, on the most vital point, that the information supplied is most defective. We read (the italics are our own) "Sacramental integrity had been secured; and a valid succession unquestioned either by East or West"; but we are nowhere told how "this impregnable position" had been secured. When, where, or from whom was this "unquestioned" succession obtained? Dr. Lee speaks of "the grand act of charity and benevolence rendered to these Catholic Reunionists in the Church of England" by bestowing it, and, again, of its being "expressly asked and granted"; but by whom it was asked, and who granted it, deponent saith not. Yet this is surely the first point necessarily to be ascertained by those who are dissatisfied with the evidence for their existing Orders and Sacraments. It is hardly enough to tell them that, "if report be accurate [here, again, we have a saving clause interposed just where positive proof is most essential] nothing sacramental was left undone, and no act and deed was left unrecorded, even by civil authorities recognized at the English Foreign Office, to insure the existence of an undoubted and abiding record of certain most important and momentous acts." Are we to understand that this record is to be found, and may be consulted, in the Foreign Office? We are told of "the perfect frankness and good faith with which the appointed Rulers of the Order have fairly faced the obvious and increasing ecclesiastical difficulties of the day." Will they be good enough to inform the public when, and where, and from whom they received their episcopal consecration? Was it from the Old Catholics, or the Janenist Church of Utrecht, or the late Archbishop of Syra and Tenos, or from any Roman Catholic prelate? Father Hutton of the Birmingham Oratory maintains, according to Dr. Lee, that for any Catholic Bishop to have taken part in these alleged consecrations would have been "a crime corresponding in guilt to that of some gross violation of the marriage tie in the social order." And it is anyhow most improbable that any Latin prelate would have desired or dared to perform what his Church would regard, and punish if discovered, as a grave act of sacrilege. We turn to the letter of "Lawrence, Bishop of Caerleon," appended to Dr. Lee's article, for some information, but we turn in vain. On the contrary, he observes that "a certain amount of reserve is necessary on some points; first, because enjoined by the consecrators; secondly, to adhere strictly to the scheme of supplying purely spiritual defects by purely spiritual means." The first reason is sufficiently intelligible, if hardly creditable to those concerned; the second is unmeaning, unless we are to believe that "purely spiritual" ordinances can only be administered in secret. It is a natural consequence of this "necessary reserve" that the Bishop of Caerleon does not venture to speak with the same confidence as Dr. Lee of his "unquestioned succession," but of "a succession which shall, on due inquiry, meet with the recognition of all." That is quite another thing. Anglicans, who believe their own orders to be valid, would say as much. But in their case the materials for due inquiry are at least open to all.

Into the grounds alleged by Dr. Lee for questioning the Anglican Succession this is not the place for entering at any length. The point on which he mainly, and indeed almost exclu-

sively dwells, is the fact, for which various authorities are cited, that a large proportion of the English people are left unbaptized. One clerical speaker at the Church Congress of 1879 is quoted as saying that "hardly more than ten per cent. of our people in our large towns are baptized in the Church of England." Be this as it may, one important link is missing to the completeness of the argument. It has to be shown that some of the unbaptized persons have certainly or probably been ordained and subsequently raised to the episcopate. And the only proof offered of this is Dr. Lee's statement that several cases have come under his own notice of late years where Anglican bishops have been less uniform than they should have been in demanding distinct proof of baptism from candidates for ordination, and that certificates of the canonical age have sometimes been accepted as sufficient evidence of baptism. We can only say that, if so, Anglican as well as ancient canons have been deliberately neglected or ignored. On these matters however we do not propose to enlarge here. But in any case the position of members of this mysterious Order, in the Church of England but not of it, be they many or few, is a sufficiently strange one; and we are told that "already there are representatives of the O. C. R. in almost every English diocese, and duly appointed officers who unostentatiously govern thus in things lawful." Dr. Lee argues that while "avowed Swedenborgians" and "sealed Irvingites" retain their benefices in peace, his own co-religionists have at least an equal right to do so. We were not aware of the existence of "avowed" Swedenborgians or Irvingites among the beneficed clergy, but the position appears, to say the least, an anomalous one. Moreover these new dignitaries do not seem to "avow" their position individually by any outward sign. It is evidently impossible for an outsider to know who is a "bishop," or "provincial," or "officer" of the Order, and who is not. Is the "Bishop of Caerleon" for instance a beneficed incumbent? Bishop though he be, he is permitted to govern "unostentatiously," and may still say in the words of an old doggerel:—

I'm glad I'm not a bishop,  
To walk in long black gaiters.

And, as Mrs. Poyser pithily phrased it, "It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on."

#### A NEW ARGUMENT FOR VEGETARIANISM.

IT is probable that the crotcheteer is on the whole the happiest of men or women, as the case may be. The pursuit of reasonable objects has undeniably at times a tendency to bore the pursuer; the pursuit of unreasonable ones has the immense advantage of only boring other people. Therefore, while other people have their moments of lassitude, spiritualists and anti-vaccinationists and vegetarians and teetotallers, and suchlike folk, enjoy an *ignis vigor* which is in its way delightful to look on, except when it results as it occasionally does in the premature death of a good many innocent people, the plundering of guileless ones who are innocent in another sense, or the infliction of general annoyance and discomfort. The unfortunate Leeds merchant whom Mr. Dawson Burns has found athirst in a Great Northern dining-car, and to whom, in accordance doubtless with a private reading of the precepts of the Founder of Christianity, he has refused drink, may not like the *ignis vigor*; and the streetful of neighbours to whom a vigorous anti-vaccinationist the other day communicated small-pox may not like it either. But vegetarianism has at least the advantage of being less aggressive than these its sister lunacies. The vegetarian very frequently kills himself, but he does not insist on killing other people unless they are silly enough to listen to him. Moreover, his crotchet is free from some others of the ugliest features of new things. Combined with spiritualism, it might be used for the purposes of extortion by threatening the "kreophagist" malefactor with the ghosts of the animals he has eaten; but we never heard of an instance of this. Hence the vegetarian may be regarded with a certain amiable feeling of tolerance, in that, though occasionally suicidal, he at any rate lets other people live and thrive.

The latest vegetarian manifesto that has come to our knowledge is a very neat little book by Mrs. Anna Kingsford, M.D., which Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. have just published. It is called *The Perfect Way in Diet*, a phrase admirably indicative of the mental attitude of the crotcheteer. The average kreophagist is by no means convinced that kreophagy is the perfect way in diet. Flesh and fish, like rebellion in a celebrated case, lie in his way, and he eats them and does well thereon; but, as to perfection, that is another matter. Mrs. Kingsford, on the other hand, will have none of your half-measures. She has looked at the teeth of man and the intestines of man; she has examined the descendants of his cousins, the other arboreal animals; she has cast a rapid eye on the science of ethics, the condition of Whitechapel, the pages of history, and the reports of outbreaks of trichinosis; and the result of it all is that she knows the "all-best" way of feeding. It must be confessed that we have not discovered anything very novel in the book, or anything which has not been said a hundred times by all vegetarians, and answered a hundred times by the fiendish kreophagist. It seems that the work is an enlarged translation of the thesis by which Mrs. Kingsford gained her doctorate at Paris. We are ashamed to say that we do not know exactly what other exercises are required for that proud position; but, if the thesis does the business by itself, it would

not appear to be very difficult to become an M.D. Mrs. Kingsford begins with an examination of our friends the anthropoid apes, by way of showing the similarity between us. It is really painful to know that in the chief point of difference the ape has the advantage of us, for he has a bigger stomach than we have. Otherwise there is no difference worth speaking of. Now he unquestionably is a vegetarian; therefore we ought to be, *q.e.d.* Then we have our old acquaintance the teeth argument, and several other physiological contentions, one of which is to the lay mind so exceedingly funny that, at the risk of appearing flippant, we must quote it. The peristaltic movements of the human stomach, it seems, take place in a circular direction; so do those of the herbivora; while the carnivorous stomach contents itself with see-sawing in a prosaic manner from right to left and from left to right. "It does not appear," says Mrs. Kingsford, with much gravity, "that any opportunity has arisen of observing these movements in omnivorous animals." Here there seems a slight gap in the argument; but, such as it is, it evidently leads satisfactorily to the same conclusion as before. That conclusion is that "the abuse of the art of cookery in the hands of man degrades him to the level of a beast of prey." We confess that we never heard of a beast of prey who cooked, and that we had always thought that this little matter of cookery was of very considerable importance in the question; but this is probably owing to the weakness of kreophagist logic.

From physiology we pass to history. We begin at the beginning, and see that the earliest pages of the Book of Genesis (which Mrs. Kingsford knows was written by an Egyptian) plainly declare what Egyptian tradition held about the food of man. Our edition of Genesis is probably less complete than Mrs. Kingsford's, or else contains some spurious matter, for it certainly does not favour vegetarianism. Then we go from Egypt to Greece, where, on the authority of Rollin, we are told that athletes ate no meat, and that it was no régime of flesh that formed the heroes of Thermopylæ. If Mrs. Kingsford had consulted Athenæus and such-like authorities instead of the excellent Frenchman, she would have discovered that the famous black broth consisted largely of the same material as black puddings, that the *sysitia* were plentifully supplied with pork, and that there was usually a second course of game, poultry, lamb, &c. &c. Then we are taken all over the countries of the earth and the dietaries thereof. Mrs. Kingsford, following up her ill-luck with Rollin, trusts herself to a certain *Mod. Univ. Hist.*, whatever that may be, which informs her that the Japanese "never kill or eat anything that is killed." She tells us that "it is much more likely that the English navy owes his superior strength [as compared with French labourers] to gifts of rice than to his diet," which seems to overlook the well-ascertained fact that by lowering the diet of the one and raising that of the other the navy and his foreign competitor can be equalized and their positions in respect of work even reversed. After this we have the details of the perfect diet, in which it appears milk, eggs, butter, cheese, "may, without inconsistency, be included." Then comes the denunciatory part. The use of flesh meats hastens the arrival of old age. It is a dangerous stimulant. Mrs. Kingsford knew a young lady who got actually intoxicated on two mutton chops. Kreophagists go to and fro with exactly the same restlessness as the animals in a menagerie—it may be observed in passing, that the purely frugivorous monkeys are notorious for the sedateness of their demeanour. Kreophagism leads to alcoholism, and still more to immorality—the notoriously cleanly living of the vegetarian inhabitants of Western Africa is here a case in point, though Mrs. Kingsford says we ought to leave off flesh-eating because of its bad effects on the butchers, which is a charming pendant to Mr. Bright's demonstration of the necessity of abolishing capital punishment for fear of hardening the moral fibre of the ordinary of Newgate. Trichinosis, Dr. Richardson, the greater amount of food obtainable by tillage than by pasturage, Mr. Arthur Arnold, the artificial changes in the personal appearance of sheep and oxen bred for food, and many other persons and things are brought forward; and an interesting but somewhat irrelevant digression on the fur trade and the habit of wearing small birds in bonnets appropriately concludes the argument.

In all this there is, as has been said, very little that is new, though we do not remember to have seen so much stress laid before on the argument that the herbivorous stomach, peristaltically speaking, waltzes, while the carnivorous stomach only indulges in a kind of *chassé-croisé*. The truth is, of course, that all these physiological arguments are of very little weight. In the first place, the authorities are not by any means agreed as to the facts; in the second, the construction to be placed on those facts is anything but obvious; in the third, and most important of all, there is the question of results. Even if man were originally what Mrs. Kingsford thinks him, thousands of years of kreophagy must have pretty well hardened him to the poison by this time, even if they have not made it necessary. The historical evidence is still more valueless. The bulk of the examples produced simply go to show what everybody knows—that in hot, and especially tropical, climates very little animal food is necessary, or, indeed, desirable. Against this is to be set the notorious truth that all the greatest races of the world living in temperate regions have been kreophagist. If Mrs. Kingsford will read Rollin less and Homer more, she will probably form a different opinion about the kreophagy of the Greeks. The ruling tribes and castes of Europe have invariably been kreophagous. But, as a matter of fact, it is rather absurd to argue on such a point. We know we are kreophagous, and there's an end on't, is for once not an irrational answer.

To dogmatize on the excellences of meat-eating would be to come too close to the level of the dogmatizers on the excellences of vegetable-eating. The rule in all such points is to eat, not what the original arboreal animal with pointed ears ate, but what his descendant, the great-coated Englishman, living in a somewhat inclement climate, and with a great deal of work to do, feels inclined to eat, can eat, and is the better for eating. That the majority of such Englishmen feel inclined to eat, can eat, and are the better for eating fish, flesh, and fowl, is a simple fact of experience. As for ethical arguments, Mrs. Kingsford's unlucky admission of eggs lays her open to severe retorts. On the Buddhist principles which she favours (to the extent of favouring her readers with a long extract from Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*), the eating of an egg is one of the greatest crimes we can imagine. Here is life in the germ, and the fiend who wields his spoon at breakfast ruthlessly destroys it. The lamb who is brought to know what mint-sauce means has at least sported; the mutton, his mamma, has browsed, and observed the beauties of nature; the pig has enjoyed all the pleasures of pighood; the very stalled ox has had the opportunity of becoming a connoisseur in oil-cake, and of learning to distinguish different brands. But this unlucky egg, to which we are sure Mrs. Kingsford is too sound a physiologist to refuse the possession of life, if not in a very active condition, is deprived arbitrarily and unfairly of the opportunity of living. Not for him the crow of Chanticleer or the cluck of Partlet, the barley and the buckwheat, and all the other joys of fowls. Mrs. Kingsford, assuring him that she is not in the least inconsistent, boils him, eats him, and then writes a chapter denouncing the wretches who eat his mother. So much for the sentimental side of vegetarianism, which is worth about as much as its physiological and historical sides. The conclusion of the whole matter is, of course, *fay ce que voudras*, with the provision that you had better take care what you are about. The number of persons who have lost their lives from playing vegetarian tricks with their diet is, we believe, considerably greater than is generally known or supposed. We may gently hint, too, that kreophagy seems to have improved the external appearance of the human race considerably since the days of the arboreal animal, to judge from the outward ape of the oran-outang and his likes. That excess of stomach on which Mrs. Kingsford innocently comments admits of a very simple explanation. Besides, as Mr. Calverley would say, "We are not as outangs are." *Autres temps autres mœurs*; and for our own part we have not the slightest wish to exchange kreophagy and a tolerably comfortable and well-filled library for an abode on the fifth branch of the first tree on the left side of the Birdcage Walk, a completely frugivorous diet, and a natural suit of red-brown fur.

#### THE LAST OF NEWGATE.

THE *Beggars' Opera* has familiarized the educated classes with many expressions which belong to the thieves' slang of the last generation. Every one knows, for instance, the account which Gay's hero gives of himself:—

In a box of the stone jug I was born,  
Of a humpen widow the kid forlorn,

interlarding his musical biography with a reckless assertion that his hearers may persevere with impunity in illegal courses, or, as he metaphorically expresses it, "Nix, my dolly pals, fake away!" The song and the sentiment both belong to a time when our legislation was disgraced by a penal code of undue severity, and felony of any kind was punishable by death. Then, too, gaols were literally fever dens and hotbeds of crime, sanitary arrangements being altogether neglected, and prisoners indiscriminately herded together to spread moral corruption far and wide; discipline was also lax among them, and escapes were frequent. Newgate was the original "stone jug" mentioned by the poet, its euphemistic title being derived from the fact that it was surrounded by so strong a wall of stone-masonry that prison-breaking was rendered absolutely impossible there for the future. The name Newgate was taken, as we have already stated in a former article, from the fact that the buildings abutting on the gates of the City were in olden times almost invariably used as prisons. In 1218 the "Chamberlain's Gate" was pulled down, and the gaol attached to it was in 1412 replaced by the present erection, which was ever afterwards known as the Newgate Prison. It is now contemplated to demolish the gaol which has for so many years played a principal part in the criminal annals of the country; and by way of preserving at least some recollection of its historic associations we offer the reader a description of it as it exists at present. Although, thanks to the humane efforts of such men as Sir Samuel Romilly and Howard the philanthropist, the worst abuses of the criminal code and of prison discipline have been removed, the memories connected with the building are sufficiently gloomy and terrible. Here are brought for detention until trial all the numerous malefactors of the metropolis, as well as the more important criminals from the country, who are brought to London when, from local excitement or other causes, it is thought inexpedient to try them in their own counties. Here, too, is carried out, more frequently than at any other gaol in the kingdom, the last awful sentence of the law; and, although much that is to be seen is of a nature to afford anything but pleasant food for reflection, we think it desirable to chronicle it before the building has become a mere thing of the past.



The visitor to Newgate is received at the Governor's office, passing out of which he is ushered through a series of low, massive doors, and down a narrow, gloomy passage, into the old "pinioning" room. Here malefactors were formerly pinioned before being led to execution; but this is now done in the condemned cell itself. When executions were performed in public, the doomed men were led through the passage just mentioned to the narrow door, surmounted with irons, which leads out into the Old Bailey, where the gallows used to be erected in the open street. To reach this the sad procession had to pass through the kitchen of the prison, in which a narrow passage was formed by suspending two long black curtains from the roof. The hooks in the wall to which the lines which bore the curtains were attached still remain; but the principal object of interest to the visitor at the present day, and of pride to the warder who acts as his *cicerone*, is the steam contrivance for cooking vegetables. The pinioning room contains two large cupboards, in which are stored up the implements employed in the dreary business which forms one of the most important functions of the Newgate officials—namely, the execution of felons condemned to death within the metropolitan jurisdiction. Here, amongst objects of minor interest, are the leg-irons which prisoners wore in olden times, together with the anvil upon which they were riveted on arrival, the rivets being punched out when their wearer was about to be escorted through the kitchen to his death. A very heavy set of these irons is shown, which is said to have been worn by the celebrated Jack Shepherd, whose prison-breaking propensities made him once so celebrated. In Newgate itself no record of the sojourn of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's hero exists, the prison which once stood in Wych Street having been the scene of his most notable exploits; the irons, therefore, are probably as unauthentic as the beheading axe which also forms an imposing part of the exhibition. This was certainly made for the purpose of amputating the head of the human subject, but, during the last generation or so at least, whenever a sentence of decapitation was passed, it was generally carried out in a less revolting manner, the culprit being first hanged and his head afterwards removed by a competent surgeon. The axe was carried in procession before the criminal rather as a symbol than as one of the working tools of an executioner. Thistlewood, the "Cato Street conspirator," was the last who suffered in this manner outside Newgate. Another very unpleasantly suggestive part of the collection is the set of straps with which condemned culprits are fastened and rendered powerless when upon the scaffold. A painful scene at the execution of one Bousfield led to the substitution of this apparatus for the rope arrangement previously in use.

The actual prison itself is a modern building, erected within the walls of the old gaol, and is built and managed on the "model prison" system, differing in no way in its arrangement from other gaols in the country. The peculiar and melancholy interest of the place centres, of course, in the provision made for the accommodation of the numerous prisoners under sentence of death who are lodged within the place. The condemned cell, with its dismal whitewashed walls and scanty furniture, and the two black chairs under the pulpit in the chapel, provided for the condemned man and for the warder who constantly attends him, though simple objects enough in themselves, are from their associations anything but pleasant to contemplate. Much more terrible in appearance, though less tragic in their use, are the "dark cells" for refractory prisoners. These are so dark, so isolated, and so impenetrable to sound that the most obstinate and violent subject would probably give in after a short experience of the discipline. An American visitor described the darkness as "something to lean against"; and we ourselves, after a very brief voluntary sojourn in one of them, experienced a most oppressive sense of meanness and dejection. Newgate being a house of detention and not a penal establishment, the discipline is not so severe as at other prisons, and the occasions upon which these "black holes" come into use is very rare. When we compare the present condition of the prison and its denizens even with the description given by Dickens, one feels a sense of relief and of hopefulness in the possibility of human improvement. The eminent novelist's account of the large groups of melancholy men walking up and down the spacious ward together, all awaiting the same terrible doom, and giving their last testamentary injunctions as to the disposal of tame pigeons and other "portable property," was no exaggerated or exceptional picture, but the usual preliminary of the ghastly gaol delivery on Monday morning. The still more horrible revelations of Fielding, and the last scenes in the lives of Jonathan Wild and his associates, belong to a more remote past; but their memories cling still to the place, which seems literally to lie under the "shadow of death." The prisoners, too, are for the most part awaiting trial, and are, therefore, naturally upon their best behaviour. Amongst the objects of historical interest in the prison is an old water cistern, in the pinioning room before spoken of, which bears the date 1781, the year after the Lord George Gordon Riots, during which Newgate was partially burnt down. Even this simple fixture recalls scenes of bloodshed without and of cold-blooded judicial murder within the walls, and gives a ghastly reality to the vivid description in *Barnaby Rudge*. Nowadays the sanctity of human life is more respected; and, although we have not yet arrived at that ideal stage of civilization which would enable us to abolish capital punishment, its surroundings are more decorous than they formerly were.

In one of the exercise yards stands the gallows, now a permanent erection contained in an ordinary-looking shed. In another

large room, where, under the old system—most happily abolished—the prisoners were allowed to herd together, and concoct plans for fresh robberies and other crimes, we are shown another instrument of penal human suffering, the whipping horse. As only the worst and most dastardly criminals are subject to this form of discipline, we can regard it with more calm feelings than the sinister apparatus which we have just left. The "cat" with which the punishment is administered is not so terrible a weapon as it used to be, but, in the hands of a stalwart warder, it is capable of inflicting very wholesome correction, and it is satisfactory to learn that garotters and the like regard it with salutary awe. We are happy to be able to assure humane persons who object to corporal punishment that, although a most deterrent implement, the "cat" is not in any way dangerous to life or health. It is, of course, easy to raise objections to its use, on the ground of the moral degradation which it entails, but the subjects upon which it is exercised as a rule belong to a class who are benefited rather than degraded by the process. In the same repository which contains the "cat" is a collection of ropes, destined for the purpose of carrying out the last sentence of the law. These are now supplied by the Government, and are sent out in numbers to the colonies.

An open-air passage, closed in at the top with iron bars, leads from the prison to the adjoining Central Criminal Court. This, which is known to facetiously-inclined habitual criminals as the "Birdcage Walk," is the cemetery of the condemned, and the warder, as he points to the letters cut in the old Roman wall to record the last resting-place of the many notorious criminals who lie there, waxes eloquent on the details of the murders which have from time to time filled the community with horror. A mere sketch of these would furnish material for pages of "sensational" description, which we forego for the same reasons which induce us to pass over the collection of ill-favoured casts from the faces of the executed criminals, taken after death. Newgate is full of reminiscences of the more stern and terrible phases of criminal procedure in the country; much of the brutality that was once thought indispensable to the preservation of law and order has passed away, and it is permissible to wish, however difficult it may be to hope, that a time may come when it will be possible to sweep away capital punishment itself. Interesting as the old prison is, we can hardly say that we regret its proposed demolition; and we sincerely hope that the executioner's museum within its walls will share its fate.

#### POST OFFICE REFORMS.

THE statements contained in Mr. Fawcett's speech, recently delivered in the Town Hall at Shoreditch, afford a striking testimony to the excellent spirit in which the work of his department is approached and done. It was natural that he should refer specially to that department before entering upon the subject of general politics, and the greater part of what he had to say concerning it was of an eminently satisfactory nature. But not the least satisfactory passage of the speech was that in which the Postmaster-General expressed a hope that it would "not be supposed that I wish it to be thought that, with regard to the administration of the Post Office, there is no more work to be done and no further improvements to be carried out." This is as it should be; but it is pleasant to see how much good work has hitherto been accomplished, and what good promise it gives for the future improvements which Mr. Fawcett has in mind. He began by referring to the "new form of money-order termed a postal order," which was devised to provide a cheaper and simpler way of transmitting money, and which was issued for the first time on the 1st of January last. It was then estimated that about two millions of these orders would be issued annually, and they are now being issued at the rate of four millions annually. Again, when it was proposed that these orders should be issued for as low a sum as a shilling, it was feared that "there could be no demand for the means of transmitting such small sums." Here the event completely proves Mr. Fawcett to have been in the right, inasmuch as postal orders for a shilling are now being sent out at the rate of more than four hundred thousand a year. While he was careful to refrain from asserting that the whole of this amount is to be explained by the convenience found in the use of these orders by the poorer classes, yet nobody will be inclined to dissent from his suggestion that "there can be no doubt that a very large proportion" is used by these classes, or to hesitate in the conclusion that by simple means a great benefit has been conferred upon people who stood in need of it. The lessening of trouble gained by the possibility of sending one of these postal orders is obvious on the face of it, and the question as to whether this gain would be widely enough appreciated to warrant the change being made has been answered in the only way that is completely satisfactory and irrefragable. To show, Mr. Fawcett said, how little ground there was for the fears expressed before the new system had been tried, he stated that "more than 900,000*l.* worth of these orders had been issued at the end of August, and only 20,000*l.* worth remained unpaid." This is certainly as strong a proof as could be wished for of the desirableness of the step taken.

From the consideration of the new postal orders Mr. Fawcett passed on to that of the employment of female clerks, by a staff of whom the whole clerical work connected with these particular orders is done at St. Martin's-le-Grand "in a very satisfactory

manner." The speaker further stated that a good deal of other important work in his department was done by female clerks, of whom about two hundred and seventy are employed, "and the number is rapidly increasing." As an evidence of the desire to obtain these appointments, it was set forth that on a late occasion no less than 920 candidates competed for 40 appointments. There are two sides, if not more, to this question, although it is but natural that the Postmaster-General should contemplate only one, and should take pleasure in its contemplation. Putting aside the general difficulty attending competitive examinations as they affect rejected candidates—a difficulty which, however, is more serious here than in ordinary cases—it remains to ask whether it is a really good thing for the successful candidates to get what they have tried for, and whether it is a really good thing for the public service that they should get it. One would like to have, as a rider to the Postmaster-General's cheerful statement, some statistics showing what is the proportion of the work done by female clerks as compared with that previously done in the same department by male clerks, and showing also how, and to what extent, the health of the female clerks is affected by their employment. It would be rash to endorse or echo all that the Postmaster-General has said of the satisfactory working of the system without fuller and more precise information on this and other points. It seems the more desirable to touch on this because Mr. Fawcett, passing from the particular to the general, thought it evident, from the results of employing women in the Post Office, "that the extension of the field for the labour of women would be of great advantage, not only to women themselves, but to their employers, whether those employers were the Government or private persons." This opens a field for discussion wider than we can here enter upon; but it may be observed that the conclusion is certainly sweeping, and that the premises are not altogether beyond doubt. Leaving this special branch of his subject, Mr. Fawcett went on to pay a graceful and well-deserved compliment to Lord John Manners, to whom, he said, the credit of introducing the new postal orders was more due than to himself, since "at the time of the dissolution he had passed through its earlier stages a Bill which would have authorized their issue." From this Mr. Fawcett went on to speak of other matters, among the most interesting of which was the plan for receiving small Savings Bank deposits in stamps, and in what he had to say as to this there was no ground for dissatisfaction or doubt. The figures, indeed, speak to a great extent for themselves. "In eleven months the number of depositors in the Post Office Savings Banks has increased by no less than 436,000." Part of this result, Mr. Fawcett said—and it is to be hoped he was right in so saying—was no doubt due to the normal growth of habits of saving among the people; but "it is particularly to be remarked that, whereas the number of depositors increased by 436,000 during the eleven months that the plan has been in operation, during the previous eleven months, when it was not in operation, the number of depositors increased by only 94,000." The speaker went on to give some special instances of the satisfactory working of the plan, and concluded this branch of his subject by pointing out that, "of the 709,000 invested through the Post Office Savings Banks in Government Stocks, 271,000, have been withdrawn from the Savings Banks deposits for investment; yet, in spite of this withdrawal, the aggregate amount now deposited in the Post Office Savings Banks is 2,181,000, more than it was eleven months since."

That very much good work has been done under the rule of the present Postmaster-General is evident enough; but it is also evident that, as he himself has pointed out, much that ought to be done remains undone; and, unluckily for the prospects of immediate action in these matters, the doing of them does not rest with Mr. Fawcett. The reduction of the price of telegrams is subject to the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is beyond the control of the Post Office. Mr. Fawcett is officially, and probably really, content to leave this to the unrivalled financial skill of Mr. Gladstone; but there have been and are people who, while they admit the unrivalled skill, may not feel quite so safe as Mr. Fawcett does as to the direction which Mr. Gladstone's delight in exhibiting this skill may take. More important, inasmuch as it involves a danger to which Mr. Fawcett did not refer, is the consideration of laying telegraph wires underground instead of overground. Most of us have suffered in some way from the inconvenience which the speech referred to of the interruption of telegraphic communication during the recent storms—an inconvenience which would have been avoided if the wires had been laid underground. But there is also no doubt that the overground system has added a new danger in stormy weather to human safety, and, indeed, to human life. A falling telegraph-wire is well enough fitted for the purpose of decapitation, and though horses have most frequently suffered from this, inasmuch as their heads are naturally in the best or worst position for catching the blow, yet the danger is not one that ought to be overlooked. But, Mr. Fawcett said, the conversion of overground into underground wires "would be very expensive." It is satisfactory to find that a report as to this matter is to be furnished to the Postmaster-General; but it would be rash to hope confidently that his representations after the report will lead to the reform which seems to us urgent enough. The old proverb about a ha'porth of tar is slow in carrying conviction in some quarters. As to the parcel post Mr. Fawcett spoke yet more strongly of the need of change, but with no more certain hope of the change being made than he could hold out with regard to the telegraph wires. It seems also desirable to note the fact to which the Lord Chief Justice has lately called attention, that the

Post Office is in this way different from ordinary banks, that it does not hold itself in any way responsible for payment made on a forged signature. This is a fact which heavily discounts the advantages referred to above, on which the Postmaster-General dwelt in his able and interesting speech. We might, however, be sure, even without Mr. Fawcett's assurance of the fact, that in these, as in other matters, no effort will be wanting on his part to secure all the convenience that he can for the public.

The greater part of Mr. Fawcett's speech was naturally enough, as we have said, taken up with the consideration of matters connected with his own department; but before he finished he called attention to one or two questions with which his name, like that of his master, Mr. J. S. Mill, is especially identified. Mr. Fawcett, in common with his Radical colleagues in the Ministry, is in favour of extending household suffrage to the counties; but, unlike most of them, he urges, with Mr. Mill, the absolute necessity of accompanying a wide extension of the suffrage with proper guarantees for the representation of minorities. The subject is one which Mr. Fawcett could not fully treat at the fag-end of a speech, and it can as little be treated at the fag-end of an article. But it is pleasing to find the most respected of our Radical politicians speaking so plainly before a popular audience on behalf of the minorities whom most of his party look on only as things to be trampled on.

#### THE SPANISH BUDGET.

IN criticizing Señor Camacho's Budget, it is fair to bear in mind that the task he has undertaken is both difficult and meritorious. Long-continued misgovernment, incompetence, dishonesty, revolution, and civil war have all combined to destroy the credit of Spain and to throw her finances into confusion. It is something on the part of a Finance Minister to endeavour to remedy such inveterate evils, and to recognize the obligations which rest upon his Government. If Señor Camacho's proposals are not always well considered, they seem, at least, to be honestly meant, and many of them will introduce great improvements. The Budget consists of two parts; the one dealing with the income and expenditure of the current year and next year, and the other treating of the debt. We shall first consider the former. Señor Camacho frankly admits that Spain is suffering from chronic deficits. Although civil war has long been ended, although peace has been restored to Cuba, and although the late Government professed to be paying off debt at a rapid rate, it now appears that last year there was a deficit of 3,640,000, and it is estimated that the current year will end with a deficit of 4,240,000. To cover these deficits the new Finance Minister proposes, first, a conversion of the redeemable debt, to which we shall return by and by, and, secondly, a revision and equalization of taxation. It was stated by one of our Secretaries of Legation in a Report two or three years ago, that about 43 per cent. of the land in Spain pays no land-tax, and that of the remainder a considerable proportion pays less than its due share of the tax. Señor Camacho proposes to equalize the incidence of the land-tax, and at the same time to reduce its rate from 21 per cent. to 16 per cent. The proposal is undoubtedly in the right direction; but 16 per cent. is still an enormously heavy rate. It amounts to nearly 3s. 4d. in the pound, and, unless the new Finance Minister is able to secure purity of administration, such as has never hitherto been known in Spain, we greatly fear that the evasions of taxation of which he complains will continue to be practised. It would be wiser to reduce the rate of the tax considerably more, and then to endeavour to enforce its payment by stringent measures. But perhaps a reduction of 5 per cent. in a single year is as much as we have a right to expect from any Minister. Probably he has not very much faith in his own ability to enforce the collection, and he hopes more from the equalization of its incidence than from the efforts of the Administration to get in all that is due to the Treasury. The Minister further proposes to revise the taxes on industry and commerce; to suppress tolls and bridge and ferry dues; to diminish the tax on the salaries of Government servants; to reduce the price of tobacco; and to impose a tax upon rents. These are large and far-reaching measures, and they are mostly in the right direction. Our only fear is that they are too ambitious; that Señor Camacho is endeavouring to do in a single year the work of several years, and that the results will not answer his expectations. However, it is clear that the principle involved in most of these proposals is right, and that, if the present Government follows up the beginning now made, an elasticity hitherto unknown will soon appear in the finances of Spain. There is no doubt that the country is rich in resources, that it has been prospering of late years, and that the people are able to pay much more than they now pay. A rational system of finance would soon prove this, and would enable the Government to fulfil its obligations to its creditors. Lastly, Señor Camacho proposes to deal with the Customs tariff. All existing duties above 15 per cent. and under 20 per cent. are to be reduced to 15 per cent., and afterwards those of 20 per cent. and upwards are also gradually to be reduced. As a consequence of this reform, the Government is to enter into negotiations with other countries for commercial treaties, it being expressly provided that countries which have not commercial treaties with Spain are not to enjoy the benefits of the reduction. In this country we are



specially interested in this proposal for reducing the Customs duties. The late Spanish Government legislated in a hostile manner against this country, and we have every reason to welcome the better spirit shown by Señor Camacho and his colleagues, and to hope that his Budget may meet with the acceptance it deserves.

Coming now to the second part of Señor Camacho's Budget, we find that he proposes to fund the redeemable and floating debts, which now absorb for interest and sinking fund about 7 millions sterling a year. The proposal is that a new debt of 72 millions sterling nominal shall be created, bearing 4 per cent. interest, and redeemable in forty years, the issue price being 85. The interest and sinking fund on this debt would not much exceed 3 millions sterling, and the funding would thus leave free very nearly 4 millions sterling to assist Señor Camacho in covering the deficit which, as we have seen, he estimates. But the old perpetual debt claims a portion of this sum. Under the existing arrangement with the bondholders, Spain pays 1 per cent. upon this old perpetual debt up to the end of the present year, from and after which time the interest is to be increased by an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which, in round numbers, will add to the charge about 1½ million sterling. This leaves free only about 2½ millions sterling to be applied to covering the deficit; and by means of this, and the revisions and reform of taxes to which we have referred above, Señor Camacho estimates that the income will amount to 31,319,809*l.*, leaving a small nominal surplus of 13,841*l.* It will be seen that the equalization of income and expenditure thus brought about is really effected for the most part by the suspension of the sinking fund now applied to paying off the redeemable debt. In other words, the pretence of paying off debt made by the late Government had no foundation, for as fast as it paid off debt with one hand it incurred debt with the other hand. Still it will be something that, even by the suspension of the sinking fund, Spain is able to pay her way; but it remains to be seen whether the Minister is not too sanguine in his estimates.

Señor Camacho, as we have said, proposes to carry out the convention made with the bondholders five years ago, and to pay 1½ per cent. on the foreign debt from and after New Year's Day next. He also asks power from Congress to negotiate with the bondholders both of the foreign and of the internal debt for a new arrangement. Hopes have been entertained for some time back that the new Minister would propose a plan for converting these debts, and various schemes had been propounded by which this could be done with advantage to Spain and to the bondholders. Señor Camacho, however, does not put forward any plan or even suggestion, but contents himself with taking power to negotiate with the bondholders. It is to be hoped that, if any of the schemes to which we have referred are put forward, they will not be entertained by the bondholders. In all past experience conversions of the debt by Spain have meant partial repudiation. Spain has pleaded, first, that the capital of the debt was larger than she was able to pay, and she has induced the bondholders to agree to cut down the principal on condition of receiving punctually a high rate of interest. Then she has pleaded that the rate of interest was too high, and that she could not go on paying it; but that if her creditors would meet her fairly, she would do her best, and would pay a lower rate of interest. When the creditors agreed to accept a lower rate of interest, she again pleaded that the principal of the debt was too large; and thus she has gone on reducing principal and interest until it almost seems as if the whole of the debt would ultimately disappear without the creditors receiving anything. There is no reason why the creditors should now be tender-hearted in their dealings with Spain. The country is rich in resources. It has been making great progress of late, and it is well able to meet its obligations. Partly owing to the restoration of peace, and partly owing to the ravages of the phylloxera in France, and the successive bad wine harvests there, the trade of Spain has been rapidly growing of late years, particularly the wine trade. The French wine production having fallen off, French wine-makers have imported immense quantities of Spanish wine, and have mixed it with their own deficient yields, and sold it as French produce. The result has been to pour wealth into Spain, and there is no ground for her now pleading that she is unable to meet the claims of her creditors. It also seems to us rather hard upon the bondholders that the redeemable debt should be given a priority over the old debt, and should be assured a much higher rate of interest. The new funded debt of 72 millions sterling is to be a preference debt, and is to receive, as we have already said, interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Moreover, certain revenues are to be made over to the Bank of Spain to ensure the performance of the contract. We fail to see on what grounds the floating debt and redeemable debt creditors receive this preference over the old bondholders. No doubt these debts were incurred—in part, at least—during the civil war, and every Government is justified in doing whatsoever may be necessary for its own preservation. But when everything is said, the creation of a preference debt in such a manner is giving a premium to those who lend to the bankrupt at usurious rates of interest. The real explanation of the favour shown to this class of creditors is not so much that they came to the relief of Spain when she was fighting for her integrity, for that applies only to a part of the debt. The real explanation is that this class of creditors have means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Court and Government of Spain, and that therefore they are able to secure for themselves terms which the general bondholders cannot obtain. But the old bondholders are not altogether without resource, and they should

seriously consider in their negotiations with Spain whether they should permit this preference to be given to the new class of creditors. No doubt the old creditors gain by the proposed arrangement respecting the redeemable debt; for it is only by means of this arrangement that Señor Camacho finds himself able to pay to them the additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. which the Government of Spain is bound to pay from and after New Year's Day next; but, on the other hand, if the creditors of the redeemable debt were placed upon the same footing as the old bondholders, the latter would obtain a still better rate of interest. Anyhow, the prospect of an increased rate of interest for the old bondholders does not seem very great. If to pay them an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Señor Camacho has to suspend the sinking fund, and to convert the floating and redeemable debts into what is practically a permanent debt, where is he to obtain the means of still further increasing the interest on the old debt? Possibly the reform of the taxes which we have described above may yield a larger revenue in future. Señor Camacho may follow up his Budget of this year by measures in the future which will ensure the punctual payment of the various taxes; and, if he does this, no doubt the receipts will grow rapidly. But it will be necessary for him to reform altogether the old system of taxation, and at the same time to weed out and purify the administration.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

HERR HANS RICHTER'S two concerts at the beginning and end of last week may be said to have begun the autumn concert season of 1881, and if the success of these performances is any promise of the future, we may well look forward to a season of more than usual interest. On this occasion, with the exception of two items, the programme has been strictly confined to the performance of the works of Beethoven and Wagner, the two masters that Herr Richter is acknowledged to have studied most profoundly, and it was no doubt partly in consequence of this that St. James's Hall was at both concerts filled with a most enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

The first concert opened with Herr Wagner's striking overture to *Die Meistersinger*, an opera which stands in the *répertoire* promised to us at the Grand German Opera at Drury Lane next year, and which is remarkable as a specimen of the composer's wonderful versatility in his art; for in *Die Meistersinger* he has forsaken legend and adopted realism. *Rienzi*, indeed, deals with the affairs of men; but it does not rank in the same class as *Die Meistersinger*, being, as the composer himself avers, different in its essence from his later compositions. The effect produced at this performance was of the finest, and showed that the orchestra had been no less carefully trained to their work than on the other occasions when they appeared before the public. To the *Meistersinger* overture succeeded six songs by Berlioz, for solo voices, with orchestral accompaniments, the words being written by Théophile Gautier, and translated into English by Mr. Franz Hueffer. Mr. Hueffer's translations are certainly not happy; and when we consider how much importance Berlioz, in common with all great composers, attached to the words that the music is intended to accompany, it seems unlucky that the original text should be marred by ineffective translation. Not content with distorting English idioms, as when he uses "fro and to" for "to and fro," Mr. Hueffer thus translates:—

Un air, comme en soupir aux cieus  
L'ange amoureux.

Such songs may breathe in realms above,  
Angels of love.

As to Mr. Hueffer's capacity for catching the spirit of Gautier's verse, one other quotation from a poem which M. Gounod has also set to music may serve as a specimen. At the end of the *Barcarolle* which begins with the words "Dites, la jeune belle," we have:—

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
A la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
—Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Mr. Hueffer renders this passage:—

"Carry me," cries the maiden,  
"To that enchanted Aiden  
Where true love never dies."  
That fair land to discover  
Full fain is many a lover.  
But who knows where it lies?

If this is translation, then translator's work is indeed easy. But it leads us to ask the question, Why, in the name of reason, should not the original words be sung? Surely it will not be said that our singers are incapable of singing in the French language! The same words are sung over and over again to M. Gounod's setting, and why not to Berlioz's? Who would think of performing Beethoven's Choral Symphony with an English translation of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," which is used at the end of it? Is German easier to sing than French, or is it easier for the public to understand? The truth is, we fear, that translators of songs and operatic libretti think that any words will serve as a translation, provided they rhyme to a certain degree and fit in with the music; but we are sorry to see that Mr. Hueffer has

followed in the wake of such translators. It is some satisfaction to think that the words did not absolutely mar the effect of Berlioz's music, which, though tinged with that peculiar melancholy so characteristic of much of his work, will repay the study it demands. The songs which are likely to become most popular are, to our thinking, "The Spectre of the Rose," which was finely sung by Miss Ellen Orridge, and "The Tomb," which Mr. Shakespeare rendered with much feeling. The remaining songs were well sung respectively by Miss Louise Pyk and Mr. King.

Mr. Eugène D'Albert's Concerto in A followed. The composer, who played the pianoforte part on this occasion himself, is only seventeen years of age, having been born in 1864, and appears before the public as a musical prodigy. It is a difficult part to play, and Mr. D'Albert certainly performed it with a modesty worthy of his great abilities. Trained under the professors of the National Training School for Music, at which school he gained in 1876 a Northumberland Scholarship, he completed last year the score of the Concerto in A which was performed on this occasion; and, although not altogether unknown to the musical world, Mr. D'Albert probably owes to Herr Richter's appreciation his appearance in public thus early. Of the Concerto itself it is, perhaps, not too much to say that it gives evidence of great intellectual power and vigour of thought, as well as a knowledge of the intricacies of orchestration, remarkable in so young a musician. The work consists of three movements "Allegro moderato," "Andante sostenuto," and "Allegro vivace," of which the second movement is perhaps the most attractive. The whole work, however, is masterly, and although the influences of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and even Chopin are at times evident, yet in no passage that we could mention is any servile imitation to be observed. We are far from saying that the production is faultless. There are faults, and grave ones. In some parts of the work, for instance, the pianoforte is absolutely inaudible owing to the very heavy orchestration, and thus the want of reservation of power, the waste of energy, as one may say, tends to confuse and impair the value of many an otherwise telling passage. Then, again, the inordinate length of the various movements wearies the listener and shows the inexperience of the composer. These, however, are faults which time and study may remedy, and we trust that Mr. D'Albert, regardless of his first successes, will work as he has hitherto done, and attain that goal which talent deserves. In bringing Mr. D'Albert thus prominently before the public, Herr Richter has shown that he is cosmopolitan and unprejudiced in matters musical; and we are sure that the young composer cannot be dissatisfied with the way in which the orchestra rendered his work on this occasion. This concert concluded with Beethoven's Choral Symphony, which it is only necessary to say was as admirably performed as upon former occasions.

The second Richter concert opened with the overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, to which the orchestra did due justice, the *accelerando* towards the close being especially remarkable; and this was followed by the "Vorspiel" and Isolde's "Liebestod," from the same composer's opera of *Tristan und Isolde*—an opera which we are promised next year at Drury Lane, but which is as yet unheard in England. This was perhaps the most unsuccessful of the selection from the Wagner *répertoire* which Herr Richter has chosen, as the pieces were taken from the beginning and end of the opera—a combination not likely to unite harmoniously, and therefore apt to create a feeling of incongruity. At the time of the first concert the "Walkürenritt" and "Siegfried's Tod und Trauermarsch" were announced; but, owing to the fact that the holder of the performing right of *The Niebelungen Ring*, Herr Neumann, had refused permission to perform them, these two numbers were cut out. Instead of them, however, the "Siegfried Idyl," which followed the "Liebestod," and the overture to the *Fliegende Holländer*, were substituted. The "Siegfried Idyl" was composed, shortly after the birth of the composer's son Siegfried, in honour of Mme. Wagner, and was played as a serenade on her birthday in 1871 for the first time. It is constructed upon themes mostly taken from the opera of the same name, which Herr Wagner had then just completed, and is written for a small orchestra. Simplicity and extreme tenderness are its especial features, which are greatly enhanced by the skilful use which the composer makes of the old German cradle-song, "Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf." The overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer* came next, and was played in a manner worthy of an orchestra well trained, and conducted by Herr Richter.

The second part of this concert consisted in the performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony, the "Eroica." This symphony, which the composer intended to dedicate to Napoleon, an intention which he gave up when he heard that the Consul had assumed the title of Emperor, contains as its second movement the magnificent Funeral March, which was rendered with profound pathos at this performance, while the manner in which the airy Scherzo which follows it in startling contrast was played was nearly faultless. The "Eroica" has been so often given here that it is unnecessary to say more than that the performance sustained in every way the great reputation of Herr Richter and his orchestra.

We may here observe that the prospectus of the Grand German Opera at Drury Lane has been issued, by which we see that, besides Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, and the *Euryanthe* of Weber will be performed every Tuesday and Thursday from 18th May to 27th June, 1882. The artists engaged comprise Frau Sücher, Fräulein Malten of the Dresden Opera, Fräulein Wiedermann; Herr Winkelmann, who

had been chosen by Wagner to perform the part of Parsifal in his new opera of that name; Herr Wolff, Herr Gura of Hamburg, and Dr. Kraus; while the entire chorus of the Hamburg Opera House has been secured, and the orchestra will be that of the Richter Concerts. The operas will be conducted by Herr Richter, and the whole will be under the direction of Herren Hermann Franke and B. Pollini. *The Niebelungen Ring* is, according to recent accounts, to be performed at about the same time at another theatre, under Herr Neumann's direction, and at an earlier date Mr. Carl Rosa proposes to give some of the Wagnerian operas in English. We hear with regret that it is likely that Mr. Rosa's intention of including Mr. Villiers Stanford's *Veiled Prophet* in his next season's performances may not be carried out. It would be matter for much regret if Mr. Rosa were unable to satisfy his own and his admirers' aspirations by bringing out an opera in English by an English composer as it ought to be brought out, and we must hope that any difficulties which may stand in the way of his doing this can and will be overcome.

On Monday last the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts began their twenty-fourth season with a string Quartet in A Minor, by Johannes Brahms, which was played for the first time in England on this occasion. Numbered as Op. 51, No. 2, this quartet consists of four movements, "Allegro non troppo," "Andante moderato," "Quasi minuetto," and "Allegro non assai." The first movement, which is also the most intricate, contains some very effective passages and much clever contrapuntal writing, while the second and third are simpler both in construction and expression. We are inclined to think that the second movement is likely to be preferred to the others; but it is almost impossible to judge from the first hearing of so important a work. The rendering given of it on Monday night by Herr Strauss, Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, was, however, highly satisfactory, and we hope to have another opportunity of hearing this work. After a graceful serenade, the composition for piano and violoncello of Signor Piatti, which was effectively sung by Mr. E. Lloyd, and accompanied by the composer, Mlle. Janotha played two pieces. The first, a Rhapsodie in B Minor, by Brahms—a novelty at these concerts—is a piece full of difficulties, which were finely met by the pianiste, and it abounds in startling contrasts artistically welded together to form, as the analytical programme says, "a consistent whole." The second was Mendelssohn's well-known Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. Mlle. Janotha played the Andante with great feeling and grace, and the Rondo with lightness and speed which were almost amazing, and procured for her such applause that she had to resume her place and play a Mazurka by Chopin. The second part of the concert began with three pieces for pianoforte and violoncello, early works of M. Rubinstein, and not particularly remarkable. However, Mlle. Janotha and Signor Piatti contrived to give an interest to them by the fine manner of their performance. Mr. E. Lloyd sang a song, "Regret," by Schubert, with success, and the concert terminated with Haydn's quartet, Op. 42, in D Minor.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE St. James's has opened with a list of performances of the kind our best comedy theatres regularly give us—a new adaptation from the French and the revival of an old one. *The Cape Mail*, which is the new play "adapted from the French by Clement W. Scott," is, as all the world knows, though the playbill does not say so, a version of *Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit*. This, in its turn, is one of many variations on an old motive, among which are *La Joie fait Peur*, and a play given in London by the Dutch company, *De Militaire Willemsorde*. In Mr. Scott's adaptation a Mrs. Frank Preston, the wife of an officer who is supposed to have fallen at Rorke's Drift, and his sister Mary, go through the martyrdom of pretending to believe him still alive in order to spare his blind mother the shock of learning the truth. To keep up the delusion, they not only invent letters on the spur of the moment, but go to balls and wear fine dresses. At last a letter comes, through the family lawyer, telling that Preston is alive, and the piece ends happily—all of which any one may find touching that likes. For ourselves, though quite ready to agree with that moralist who would have lied with Desdemona, we think that a fine sentimental motive is not dramatic excuse enough for a long and elaborately acted lie, particularly when it is useless and the acting overdone. Mrs. Preston could not have deceived her husband's mother for ever, to say nothing of the fact that the grief which left her capable of such capital acting and so much literary activity in the way of inventing letters cannot apparently have been very intense. In reality, such a deceit would be both cruel and cowardly. Besides, why should the two ladies deceive the world at large, as they appear to do, and add its contempt to their sufferings? The barefooted Carmelite, who suffers all kinds of misery because her faith teaches her that it is the highest of duties, is an object of respectful pity; but a woman who should torture herself without the faith would only be fit for a madhouse. And Mrs. Frank Preston suffers just such an uncalled-for martyrdom. Many, too, of the mere incidents of the piece are not properly accounted for. Is it likely, for instance, that in these days of telegrams and the vigilant Correspondent, Preston's wife would have been left to learn of his safety from a letter? The motive of the piece is not



sufficient, and the incidents do not appear inevitable and natural; it is, in fact, essentially undramatic, and so obviously a mere piece of machinery—and even creaking machinery—for the production of sentiment, that it defeats its own end. Such as it is, it is acted in a manner creditable to the theatre. All the parts were fairly well filled, and the two chief ones—those of the blind Mrs. Preston and her daughter-in-law—were given very finely. Mrs. Gaston Murray gave a touching rendering of blindness and the timid dependence it causes. Mrs. Kendal acted with power as Mrs. Frank Preston. The unreality of the piece could be for an instant almost forgotten while watching her as she hears the reading of the letter which tells of her husband's safety. There was a rise to real tragic force from her first thought that it is only another pious deception to the moment when she knows it is true, and tears the letter from her sister's hand.

Mr. Robertson's *Home* is an adaptation in the fullest sense of the word. It has the same sort of relation to the *Aventurière* of Emile Augier which a signpost copy of Reynolds's "Lord Heathfield" might possibly have to the original. Perhaps even less, for the sign-painter might be trusted to add nothing, while Mr. Robertson thought fit to introduce a quite unnecessary Miss Dora Thornhaugh. But then, possibly, she is not quite superfluous. There is, to be sure, no dramatic motive for her existence, and there is more than one very good one why she should not be there; but she gives occasion for a great deal of comic love-making, which would be well enough in a farce, and afford a fine opportunity for Mr. Toole or Mr. Royce. It is not the less quite out of place in *Home*. There is also, we conceive, another reason for her existence. In the *Aventurière* Fabrice returns home, after a wild youth, to find his father about to fall a victim to an adventuress. He saves him by deceiving the woman into a belief that he is himself a wealthy man, and so persuading her to be false to his father, and then sends her away. At the close he discovers that her affection for him has grown to be real, and is left reflecting on the one sincere love he has found on earth. Now this would apparently be found too hard for an English audience, and Miss Dora Thornhaugh was invented to give Colonel John White his proper share of the domestic affections, and destroy the dramatic pathos of his character. As it is with Fabrice, so it is with the whole piece. The tone has been lowered throughout. And what is kept is made as wonderful as what has been added. Having resolved to bring the date of the play down to our own time, Mr. Robertson must needs allow Colonel White to frighten Mountraffe by the threat of a duel. Don Annibal was naturally scared by finding that Fabrice knew all about the famous *coup de Matapan*; but a Captain Mountraffe would simply call for the police. If we had the occasion or the space, it would be easy to show that every scene and every character in *L'Aventurière* has been spoiled in exactly the same way. The worst instance is probably the frothy nonsense of the love scene between Colonel White and Mrs. Pinchbeck. The acting of the play is, on the whole, inferior to the acting of *The Cape Mail*. Mrs. Kendal is comparatively tame and colourless, and never makes us forget for a moment how inartistic the character she is playing really is. Mr. Kendal is wholly unsuited to his part. Only the gayest comedy could make Colonel White tolerable, and it is quite wanting in Mr. Kendal's acting. Mr. Wenman played the part of Mr. Dorrisson firmly and well. It is somewhat harder to estimate Mr. Hare's rendering of Captain Mountraffe. No Mrs. Pinchbeck would allow herself to be hampered by a fellow with the manners of an insolent groom; but, granted that she would, then Mr. Hare's acting is consistent and finished. He quite makes us share Colonel White's longing to kick the insolent intruder. And, after all, Mr. Hare's acting is not more out of place than the part of Captain Mountraffe in *Home*.

In whatever sense the words may be taken, *The Half-Way House* exactly suits what has for long been the tone of the Vaudeville. Like most of the pieces which have been brought out there of late, this so-called comedy is a combination of the farce in three acts with the domestic melodrama. What plot it has is melodramatic, and the element of comedy is supplied by the mechanical puns of the dialogue, which are let off like crackers whenever they are out of season—that is, from the beginning of the first act to the end of the third. It is a serious task to attempt to give any notion of what this "comedy" is like. It manifestly cannot be said to depend for its interest on the construction of its plot. Everything is set going by some complicated series of events which took place before the curtain rose, and which the audience is justly supposed to be too impatient to listen to. The general wind-up is obviously brought about by everybody's recognizing that the thing has lasted long enough; and that it is time to do what, supposing anything remotely similar to be possible in real life, they would all have done somewhere about the middle of the first act. Neither can the author, Mr. Sims, mean us to take his characters seriously. A young country gentleman, the soul of honour and an ideal lover, who wins his mistress under a false name because his mother has been shut up in a lunatic asylum; an elderly country gentleman who allows his wife to be shut up because he is worried into it by his sister, who is fiercely ambitious for the honour of being his housekeeper; and a heroine who is there to fall in love with the young gentleman and into the arms of her father in the great scene of the second act are only Mr. Sims's slight modifications of the standing masks of the artificial comedy of the nineteenth century as invented by Mr. Byron. The other personages are

manifestly there to make puns. We may make an exception in favour of a naval officer who goes about on leave in his uniform, which is a mixture of that of a commander and the attire of the stage smuggler. This person hops in and out of the play in order to stammer and go up to the country gentleman's sister in order to say one thing and then say another. But it is the puns in which the strength of the piece consists—puns of the mechanical kind, which can be made in any number with patience and a dictionary. To be sure, this labour has been largely spared Mr. Sims, the majority of his puns being the common property of the baser sort of comic papers for many a day. They are one and all, new and old, of the kind which gracefully plays on the similarity of sound between 'heart and art.

Perhaps it is in the belief that the badness of a piece gives a larger scope to the skill of the actor that Messrs. James and Thorne accept plays of the character they have been producing for so long. If so, they may be congratulated on having done something to prove the truth of their opinion. With every desire to forget Mr. Sims's piece as completely as possible, we can remember the acting of the Vaudeville company with pleasure. Mr. Thorne will perhaps not understand our sympathy when we say that we are sorry to see so good an actor turned into a mouthpiece for bad witticisms and routine sentiments. But, whether or not, the regret was due to the contrast between the part he played and the real humour and tenderness he put into it. We would advise him, however, when he has a pun to make, not to produce it so much as if it were a pistol-shot, and then stand as if he were watching the effect. The quicker these things are done the better and the less unnatural they are. Mr. Farren acted, as he always does, with the manners and tones of a gentleman, and it is clearly not his fault if these do not suit very well with the part of Squire Hasseltine. The fooling of Mr. Lestocq as the man in possession of the Half-way House was excellent. Mrs. Canninge, in the part of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, the Squire's sister, was venomous, as she ought to be, and well bred, for which we thank her. The part would lend itself so easily to vulgarity. Miss Alma Murray was tender and graceful as the heroine, Ivy Hope.

The "new and original poetical and historical play," in five acts, by Mr. Walter S. Raleigh, chosen by Mrs. Scott Siddons in an unguarded hour for her reappearance on the English stage, suggests some reflections on the stock lamentations over the difficulty of getting pieces by English writers produced. Like more than one which have lately triumphed over the difficulty of getting acted, *Queen and Cardinal* is very bad. Whether this is a proof that the faculty for writing plays is utterly lost in this country, or only that the judgment of the "practical man" as to what is fit for the stage is not so infallible as he commonly supposes, or both, we shall not attempt to decide. Perhaps it proves the first of these propositions better than the second; for *Queen and Cardinal* is new and original in very much the same sense that an adaptation from the French is. The only difference is that Mr. Raleigh has preferred to recast the work of one of his own countrymen. *Queen and Cardinal* is simply an attempt to re-write *Henry VIII.*, and fit it for a nineteenth-century audience, which, as a great critical authority informs us, has quite outgrown Shakespeare. Mr. Raleigh is to be praised for drawing on national sources, and the result of his efforts is highly satisfactory. He has produced a play which every member of his audience could see at once was very bad. And yet he has trodden faithfully in the steps of the adaptor. He has carefully lowered the whole tone of his subject. He has put stage sentiment in the place of real passion, slovenly English where the noblest blank verse was before, and mere stage effects in the place of great dramatic situations. Having had the heart to re-write Wolsey's reflections on his fall, he ends up a tirade of commonplace thus:—

No miracle for me. My course is run,  
And all my dreams must end in nothingness.  
O God! that it should ever come to this!  
Foiled—overthrown—and by a woman, too.

This is not much worse than what has been done to many French originals in English adaptations; but we are glad to see that it is not to be done to Shakespeare with equal impunity. The acting of Mrs. Scott Siddons's company was of a kind to hasten the precipitate fall of the piece. Mr. Kemble delivered the few lines he had to give in the part of Cranmer with force and intelligence, but nothing else called for praise. Mrs. Scott Siddons acted in a noisy unemotional melodramatic style, which is fortunately now becoming old fashioned, even as an example of bad acting. Several of the other members of the company have proved competent to act in less trying plays; but they were unable to put life into Mr. Raleigh's combinations of emptiness and pretension.

Another of the very remarkable pieces called "burlesque dramas," doubtless because they burlesque nothing, and are not dramatic, has appeared at the Gaiety. *Whittington and his Cat* is the title, and the author is Mr. Burnand. The part in the authorship which really belongs to Mr. Burnand, and not to the stage carpenter or arranger of dances, is doubtless the few smart puns and cleverly absurd plays on words which disturb the general insipidity of the piece. They come up once or twice in a scene, and feebly burst like bubbles in soda-water going flat, after the manner of the jests in the conversation of Thackeray's fashionable portrait-painter. For the rest, the piece is of the kind which the Gaiety audience demands and obviously enjoys. There are plenty of brilliant dresses, and the habitual absence of dress. There is a "Polka Fantasia," a "Mouvement Cadencé," and so forth, performed

with great muscular energy, and having very much the same relation to dancing which the burlesque drama has to any known form of dramatic literature. Mr. Dallas is ignobly funny in a woman's dress, and the chorus raise their arms with the wooden grace of clockwork figures, and stiffly sway to and fro. As usual there is real low comedy in the grimaces of Mr. Royce, and real grace in the dancing of Miss Kate Vaughan.

Mr. Pinero's *Imprudence* has shown a remarkable power of attracting audiences. After a removal from the Folly to the Standard, it has stood a second change, and is being successfully played as an afternoon piece at the Imperial.

#### RACING AT SANDOWN AND NEWMARKET.

THERE is no place in England where racing can be enjoyed in greater comfort than at Sandown. To begin with, a train leaves London for Esher at mid-day, and as this train is specially reserved for members, it is unaccompanied by the objectionable mob which makes most trains bound for racecourses almost unendurable. On arriving at Esher, a pathway kept exclusively for members leads up to the race-stand, which is very prettily situated beneath a wooded hillock. Sufficient time is allowed between the arrival at Sandown and the commencement of the racing to get luncheon in the most comfortable restaurant existing on any British racecourse, and at the back of the stand is a pretty saddling paddock, where the horses about to run can be looked at without a crowd or unpleasantness of any kind. When the jockeys are mounted, they have to ride their horses down a wooded drive at the back of the stand, where there is plenty of room for spectators to take a leisurely look at them without being mobbed or fussed. The stands themselves are most comfortable, and in place of a betting ring there is a sloping lawn from which ladies as well as men can comfortably watch the races, sitting on chairs or garden seats. It is true that there is a betting ring, but it is on one side, and its occupants are safely barricaded behind formidable railings. It would be too much to say that the racing at Sandown is always of the very highest class; yet some very good horses occasionally put in an appearance; the fields are generally large, and the finishes are in many cases exciting. Although the best English jockeys ride at Sandown, in some of the races members of the Club only are allowed to ride, and these contests confined to amateur jockeys are the source of a good deal of interest and amusement. The late meeting was opened by a match, and the two competitors, who were ridden by Archer and Wood, were considered so equal that only 21 to 20 was laid on the mount of the last-named jockey; a rather pretty race, however, ended in an easy victory for Archer. A dozen horses started for the Sandown Autumn Cup, and, after a most exciting race, Spitzbergen and Frontier ran a dead-heat. In the deciding heat it appeared so close a thing that another dead-heat was anticipated, but in the last few strides Frontier swerved, and was beaten by half a length. Archer won a race on old Strathavon, who is nearly white, and another on Passaic, an American horse that formerly belonged to the owner of Iroquois. Although he had run five times this season before he won a race, he was sold at Sandown for 500*l*. In the hunters' flat race there was a clumsy piece of riding on the part of one of the amateurs; but Mr. Coventry, who rode Cortolvin, showed excellent jockeyship by the way in which he kept his horse going against its will until he had won the race. In the Juvenile Stakes Archer and Wood had another battle. Thirteen horses started, but at the distance the two famous jockeys brought out their mounts, and had it all to themselves. It was a pretty race, but Wood had the best of it, and the Rigolboche colt beat the rather undersized Beatrice by a length. After a hurdle race, in which there was a nasty fall, a Nursery Handicap, for which thirteen two-year-olds again ran, ended the day. It is melancholy to see a famous racehorse reduced to hurdle-racing; but in the first race of the second day Lord Clive, who was believed by many good judges to have been the best three-year-old of his year, not only ran in a hurdle race, but tumbled down and gave his jockey a heavy shaking. The most interesting race of the meeting was the Great Sapling Plate for two-year-olds. The favourite was Kingdom, a colt by Kingcraft that had won a race at Ascot, and had run second to Kermesse at the same meeting. The second favourite was Resin the Bow, a colt that had won several races. Almost from the start the two favourites went to the front and raced side by side; but as they drew near to the winning-post Resin the Bow passed his antagonist, and was apparently winning with some ease when he swerved across the course, and allowed Kingdom to win by a head. Out of a field of eighteen in a Nursery Handicap, a 20 to 1 outsider surprised everybody by winning in a canter by three lengths. The rest of the racing at Sandown requires no special notice.

The two days of heavy rain which intervened between Sandown and Newmarket made the prospect of the latter meeting anything but agreeable; but before Monday afternoon the rain cleared away, and, with the exception of two or three showers, the weather during the five days' racing was remarkably fine for the time of year. The great race of the first day was the Criterion, and, as the reputation of the favourite for next year's Derby depended upon it, it was an unusually interesting event. Bruce had already won three races, but his enemies maintained that in those

races he had not been opposed by anything capable of testing the merits of a first-class two-year-old; but now he was to meet Nellie, who was but a very few pounds inferior to the three flying fillies that have been distinguishing themselves as the best two-year-olds of the season. Although Nellie was to run against Bruce at a disadvantage of 3 lbs., inclusive of her allowance for sex, she was the most fancied of the pair, and started first favourite at rather shorter odds than Bruce. Bruce made the running, closely followed by Nellie and St. Marguerite, another filly of high class, while the other five starters came on at a respectful distance in the rear. Of the three leaders, Bruce was the first to show symptoms of distress, and very soon afterwards Nellie seemed to have the best of it; but Bruce kept struggling on very gamely, while the two fillies tired in the last hundred yards, and allowed Bruce to pass them and win by a length. This performance makes Bruce on public form the best two-year-old colt of the season; but it scarcely proves him to be as good as either Kermesse, Geheimniss, or Dutch Oven. The racing on the Monday was chiefly noticeable for the large fields, for the ill-luck of the usually infallible Archer, who rode in five races without getting even a place, and for a couple of very fine races, one of which was won by Fordham on Mr. de Rothschild's Emmeline Marcia, the other by Wood on Sir G. Chetwynd's Sutler, who was bought in for 1,150 guineas after the race.

Last week we noticed the chief incidents of the Cambridgeshire. It is a curious fact that on the first occasion that 9 st. has been carried in that race by a winner, the course was at least as heavy as it had ever been on a Cambridgeshire day. This materially enhances the merit of Foxhall's victory. We may dismiss the subject by observing that the late Cambridgeshire was a particularly fine example of the art of handicapping; for two three-year-olds, handicapped at weights varying as much as 35 lbs., were within a head of each other at the finish, and another three-year-old, handicapped at an intermediate weight, was within a neck of the leading pair. The other racing on the Cambridgeshire day does not require any notice here; but we may mention the fact that the fields of the day were very good, averaging eleven starters for each of the seven races. Nor was the racing of the Wednesday of a very exciting nature. The great event of the day was the Dewhurst Plate; but even this was comparatively a tame affair. As much as three to one was laid on Dutch Oven, and she won. The only interesting feature of the race was the nearness of Marden to the winner at the finish. Dutch Oven won by a trifle more than a head, but she was giving 4 lbs., exclusive of allowance for sex, to Marden. In the July Stakes, Marden had run within half a length of Kermesse, and had beaten Dutch Oven by the same distance. At Lewes he had run within a length of the famous Geheimniss, but in two other races he had run unaccountably badly. From this it appeared that Marden was an uncertain performer; but it seemed possible to argue, from his relative form with Dutch Oven and Kermesse, from their form with Nellie, and from Nellie's form with Bruce, that, when in his best running humour, Marden might be almost as good as Bruce. In the last race of the day Geheimniss cantered in, the easiest of winners, by a length. She has now won seven consecutive races and has never yet been defeated. During the day's racing only two out of eight races were won by the first favourites, and when the favourites did win, long odds were laid on them. In two races, horses against which 10 to 1 or more had been laid were successful, and in three races 5 to 1 was laid against the winners.

There were nine races put down on the card for the Thursday. One of these was the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, for three-year-olds, the weights for which appear before the Derby. This handicap is very interesting at the time of its publication, as it furnishes a statement of the opinion of the official handicapper on the merits of the principal three-year-olds of the year; but the race itself is often a tame affair enough, as there are certain penalties which generally exclude the best public performers of the season, and, in consequence of the starting fee being so high, the field is usually but a small one. The favourite on this occasion was Scobell, who was carrying 8 st. 12 lbs., and he justified his position in the betting by winning, with tolerable ease, by a length. Althotas, who carried 8 st., was second. Scobell has won between seven and eight thousand pounds in stakes this season, but he must have been a source of immense losses to many of his admirers, as he was backed very heavily for the Two Thousand, the Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, the St. Leger, and the Cambridgeshire, in neither of which races was he even placed. For the Subscription Plate, the American horse Gerald walked over. If he keeps well, we shall probably see this colt doing great things next year. On Thursday morning a gentleman gave 1,550 guineas for the two-year-old Convert, who had won several races. As he was entered for the Troy Stakes, which was to be run that afternoon, he was likely to repay some of his purchase money immediately, for the race appeared completely at his mercy. The heavy odds of 75 to 40 were laid on him; but he was beaten by a head by Actress, so that between his actual price, and the money laid on him for the Troy Stakes, he was by no means purchased for an old song.

Chippendale was a strong favourite for the Jockey Club Cup on the Friday. Exeter was the second favourite, and the least fancied of the half-dozen starters was Peter. Chippendale was beaten a long way from home, and as the leading horses came into the Dip, Corrie Roy was in front, closely pursued by Peter. There was



a fine race from this point, but Peter either could not or would not give Corrie Roy 7 lbs. more than weight for age, and the filly won by a head. It was generally considered by good judges of racing that Peter could have won if he had liked, but against this theory must be set the fact that he ran throughout the race in a far kinder fashion than is usual with him. The backers of Corrie Roy for the Cesarewitch had some cause for feelings of mortification at her withdrawal from that race three hours before the start, for the Jockey Club Cup was run over the Cesarewitch course. There were several closely contested races during the day. St. Marguerite won the Home-Bred Foal Stakes in a canter. It has been too often the fate of this clever filly to be matched against competitors just a trifle better than herself. The last race of the meeting was a match between horses belonging to Sir John Astley and Mr. Alexander, in which the first-named gentleman was victorious; and thus ended the Newmarket racing season of 1881.

## REVIEWS.

### INDIAN PRESIDENCY TOWNS.\*

A CLASSICAL scholar wishing to recall some of the lore which gave him a good place in "moderations" or "finals" will naturally turn to some of the best-known ancient authors to see how they have fared under the searching touch of modern criticism. He will take up his Virgil and Horace in preference to Valerius Flaccus or the *Periplus* of Scylax. In like manner, those who refer to Mr. Hunter's *Gazetteer* to see how India has advanced after the deluge of the Mutiny may prefer to read his account of celebrated Capitals rather than to search for obscure villages or tributaries of the Ganges, or mountainous ranges which have a rainfall of hundreds of inches in the year. In this spirit we now propose to notice Mr. Hunter's treatment of the great Presidency towns and some of the capitals of Moghul sovereignty, about which every Anglo-Indian resident, traveller, or tourist has his own opinion.

Mr. Hunter, who has assigned forty pages to the territories under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has given only fifteen to the town of Calcutta, which, all theories as to the superior advantages of Nassik, Simla, or Jubbulpore notwithstanding, is, we take it, destined, in his words, long to be "the capital of India and the seat of the Supreme Government." He disposes in a few lines of the historical events of the last century, which most Englishmen are not unreasonably supposed to remember, and he draws a parallel between the metropolis as described by writers of that age—a jumble of sordid huts and magnificent palaces—and the present city, in which the efforts of the Chief Commissioner and a municipality have reduced the annual death-rate to twenty-five in a thousand. Here we think that the author has hardly done justice to himself and his subject. He might have told us more of the disappearance of old landmarks, the evolutions of streets, and the general expansion of the town; the dates of the foundation of noble hospitals, colleges, and celebrated public buildings; the sites of statues raised by a grateful community to the successive statesmen who have built up the fabric of British empire; the era when roads, which had been constructed of bricks burnt from the Bengal clay, began to be paved with stones brought as ballast from Mauritius; or the year in which certain vast reservoirs were dug, and when elephants were first prohibited from coming within the Mahratta ditch; and many other little details which can be gathered from the writings of the late Mr. J. C. Marshman and Sir John Kaye. The former was a complete treasury of antiquarian and local lore with regard to every temple, mansion, or bathing ghaut on either bank of the Hooghly between Diamond Harbour and the French settlement of Chandernagore. The splendid view which used to charm travellers landing for the first time in a P. and O. steamer at Garden Reach is now missed by those who descend, dusty and travel-stained, from a first-class compartment at the Howra railway terminus. It was Lord Hardinge who said on landing at Chandpal Ghaut that you must go back to Cairo to find the East, and Bishop Heber compared the view of Government House and the Esplanade to that of St. Petersburg. Since these dicta were delivered by the warrior and the prelate, means have been taken to give to Calcutta those sanitary advantages which its magnificence and importance demand. Open ditches, reeking with garbage, have been replaced by vast underground drains, at a cost of nearly three-quarters of a million. A supply of filtered water has been procured from the Hooghly, sixteen miles above Calcutta. The daily flow is estimated at six millions of gallons, allowing sixteen gallons per head for a population of about half a million. The town is now lit by gas, and other improvements in the cremation of dead Hindus and the burial of Mohammedans have diminished, though not entirely removed, the danger of fevers and cholera. But with all its fine esplanade, tidal river, and supply of pure drinking-water, Calcutta does not easily expand, and it is too contracted for the wants of its official and mercantile community. More than three miles of native bazaars and streets prevent Englishmen from building and occu-

pying houses to the north of Dalhousie (late Tank) Square. To live beyond Cossipore in that direction, or on the line of the Eastern Bengal Railway, involves for eight months in the year an amount of heat, fatigue, and exposure to which few Englishmen can submit. To the east progress is effectively barred by canals and a marsh, known to natives as Dhappamanpur and to Anglo-Indians as the Salt-water Lake; and this ineligible spot is rapidly being filled up by deposits of silt and sewage. To the south of the Esplanade, a series of dense gardens and hamlets ends after a few miles in a rice swamp of gigantic dimensions, and more than one-half of the once favourite suburb of Garden Reach has been occupied by the ex-King of Oudh, his menagerie, pigeons, aquatic birds, and dissolute retainers. Howra, on the right bank of the Hooghly, is now, it is true, connected with Calcutta by a fine floating bridge, which has hitherto bid defiance to cyclones. But there is little space for building in such a suburb—"differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis"—and some of the best houses in Chouringhi, where Chief Justices and members of Council once dispensed a graceful hospitality, have been converted into boarding-houses in which married couples can be lodged and fed, in flats, at so much per head a month.

Mr. Hunter gives us slight sketches of the suburbs of Calcutta under their alphabetical headings; but here we notice some omissions, as well as what we think errors of antiquarian research. He mentions the lunatic asylum at Bhowanipore, but why does he omit all reference to the London Missionary Society? In his review of the cyclones he takes no notice of the great gale of June 1842 and that of May 1852, nor of one in the last century, about 1737, which blew down the tower of the old church. Again, we find Cox's Bazaar, a subdivision and police circle far away in the district of Chittagong; but why leave out Cox's Bungalow, long the well-known half-way house between Barrackpore and Calcutta, where the hounds used to throw off regularly once a week from November to February, as the distant and random gun was fired from the cantonment of Dum Dum? It is incorrect, we think, to represent the celebrated duel between Francis and Hastings as having taken place near a large tree on the Maidan, not far from the racecourse, on the Esplanade of Calcutta. We have long heard on better authority than mere tradition that this encounter took place in the grounds attached to the large house on the west side of the Alipore road passing by the Lieutenant-Governor's residence of Belvidere, and not very far from what was the European Orphan Asylum. Indeed, though the old jurisdiction of the Supreme Court extended to Englishmen resident out of Calcutta and in the Provinces, it was usual for duellists to fight outside the limits of the city, for the most obvious reasons. We remember several duels fought in Bengal before the custom died out, and only one took place on the Esplanade. The scene of the rest was Serampore, Barrackpore, and the alluvial formation on the Howra side of the river. We think, too, that within the last twenty-five years the thermometer in the early mornings of the cold weather has been registered below 52° in Calcutta, or certainly in Garden Reach.

No greater contrast can be imagined than what is presented by the view of the cities of Calcutta and Bombay. If the former derives its name from Kali Ghat, the latter, in all probability, is a corruption, through the Portuguese Mombaim, of Mumba-Devi, a local deity. We transcribe Mr. Hunter's picturesque language in preference to our own, descriptive of Bombay:—

In the beauty of its scenery, as well as in the commercial advantages of its position, Bombay is unsurpassed by any of the cities of the East. . . . The approach from the sea reveals a magnificent panorama. The distance is closed by the barrier range of the Western Ghats. In front opens the wide harbour, studded with islands and jutting precipices, dotted with the white sails of innumerable native craft, and giving a secure shelter to fleets of tall merchantmen. The city itself consists of well-built houses and broad streets ennobled by public buildings. The sea-shore is formed by docks, warehouses, and a long line of artificial embankments extending continuously for nearly five miles.

Mr. Hunter passes with too light a touch over the discreditable mercenary epidemic which affected all classes of the community, including even some of the Civil Service, in 1864-65. The crash that ensued when the price of cotton fell after the end of the American war was what might have been expected when two millions of cash were expected to do the work of Companies and Associations requiring for success just ten times that sum. In improvements Bombay rivals and perhaps surpasses Calcutta. Omnibuses now ply between Bhendi Bazar and the Fort, which is a defence only in name. The crumbling ramparts that only excluded the sea air, and could not have kept out an enemy for half an hour, have been removed. Government offices, banks, mercantile establishments are situated within the area of the Fort, somewhat the same as at Madras. Of the Presidencies Calcutta is the only one where the Fort retains its martial appearance, or could be in any emergency a real protection to the inhabitants. The houses inhabited by Englishmen at Mazagon and on Malabar Hill at Bombay are spacious and comfortable, though the latter site, exposed to the fury of the south-west monsoon, is literally uninhabitable from June to September. One of the most curious local misnomers is that of Back Bay. Any one would imagine that this spot must be looked for somewhere between the island and the mainland. It forms, on the contrary, the sea front between Malabar Point and the suburb of Colaba. It may be very shallow, but it has to bear all the rage of the Indian Ocean. Some years ago it was the fashion for all the magnates of the island to leave their comfortable houses and occupy tents on the shore of Back Bay from the 1st of November to the beginning of the hot weather. This habit involved several of the dis-

\* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India*. By W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India. 9 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

comforts of living under canvas without the compensation of constant change of scene, rural scenery, and the sporting excursions with which an Anglo-Indian camp is generally associated. Panegyric can scarcely exaggerate the convenience and amplitude of the harbour of Bombay. It could afford anchorage for the whole British navy, and it is spacious enough to allow yachts to remain becalmed towards nightfall at some miles distant from the pier. We note, by the way, that, though called the Apollo Bunder, this landing-place is said to derive its name from the Palwa fish. We find no mention anywhere by Mr. Hunter of the famous "Towers of Silence," though full justice is done to the public spirit, loyalty, and intelligence of the Parsis, as well as to the varieties of national type to be met with in the bazaars and streets.

The town of Madras has, we may remind some readers, neither the fine harbour of Bombay nor the flowing river of Calcutta. Indeed, from False Point to Adam's Bridge, the whole of that coast possesses no harbour worthy of the name. The first view of Madras from the roadstead is disappointing, and the landing is made difficult by the celebrated Madras surf. There has been a talk about a breakwater on the model of that of Plymouth, and a pier has been constructed, to be twice seriously damaged by the collision of vessels drifting in a storm. A harbour of moderate size is now under construction. The city, says Mr. Hunter, is spread over a much larger area than Calcutta or Bombay. The native suburbs are numerous, and there is no period of the year which by strained courtesy can be termed the cold weather. But divers stations in the hills are easily reached; the water supply is abundant; railways run south and west; and there are horticultural gardens and people's parks. The population, after several random estimates, is set down at about 400,000 souls.

We turn from these cities, mainly created by Englishmen, to the old capital of Akbar. The period of its splendour fills just one century. Akbar completed the fort at Agra, began to adorn it with lovely mosques and palaces, and lies buried in a tomb worthy of his fame and character at Secundra, four miles from the city. His son Jehangir had no great fancy for this place, and it was reserved for his successor, Shah Jehan, to complete the structures commenced by his grandfather, and to eclipse all that Mohammedan sovereigns or architects had devised by the exquisite Taj Mahal. In the last century the fort was several times besieged and taken, but it never became the seat of Anglo-Indian government until 1835. Then, with that whimsical uncertainty which characterizes our selection of important sites, the capital of the North-West Provinces was whisked away to Agra from Allahabad, to which latter place, as being central and on the main line of rail, it has again been brought back. Mr. Hunter sums up the beauties of the Taj Mahal in half a page of accurate and graceful description, which travellers should be careful to read and weigh on the spot. A commercial future is anticipated for this old capital. It has always been a native mart for grain and sugar, and it will soon be the centre to which several lines of railway will converge. Its population is about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, and it is one of the driest, dustiest, and hottest cities under our rule. Agra should be visited after Lucknow by persons who do not wish their taste to be highly offended. Oudh is a magnificent province containing eleven millions of inhabitants, and Lucknow has nearly double the population of Agra. In an historical point of view the defence of Lucknow will always rivet attention as a focus and a turning-point in the Sepoy Mutiny, and will leave Agra far behind. A large number of Englishmen and Englishwomen did certainly hold this last fort all through the eventful summer of 1857, endured manifold inconveniences, and displayed a great deal of pluck. But in the nature of things there could be nothing highly heroic in their attitude, and their ultimate deliverance by General Greathead's column, after the fall of Delhi, was as much a surprise to the defenders themselves as to the mutineers from Gwalior. But in architecture there is no parallel between Agra and Lucknow. With the exceptions of the Imambara—said to be equal in size to the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople—of a fine old gateway known as the Rumi Darwaza, and of one or two other buildings, the architecture of Lucknow is tawdry and debased. The gardens, summer-houses, and palaces built in succession by one royal spendthrift after another for wives, concubines, and menageries of wild beasts, are exact types of the characters of their silly designers and builders. Yet it is astonishing what an amount of false sympathy was evoked by the dethronement of the last of an incorrigible dynasty which we had ourselves set up. It is gratifying to learn that charitable dispensaries, schools, and "other works of public utility" have succeeded to statues of green mermaids, domes of copper gilt, burnished umbrellas, and unfinished tombs and mosques. We note also that a capacious hospital, with beds for one hundred patients, has been established on a plot of high ground near the Residency by the Maharaja of Bulrampore, Sir Dig Bijai Singh, one of the most loyal, practical, and intelligent of the Talookdars of Oudh. He is as good a sportsman as he is a landlord and subject.

Into five pages Mr. Hunter has managed to compress a great deal of information about Benares, where according to a Sanskrit couplet, a Hindu may die, in security of bliss, whether on dry land or in the water. A more correct census has dissipated false notions that the population of this Hindu city varied from 300,000 to 500,000. The Census of 1872 gave the return under 200,000. No visitor to this sacred place will forget to walk through its crowded bazaars during the afternoon or evening,

and to row down the Ganges in the early morning, when the inhabitants turn out in successive batches to bathe. Benares used to be noticed as the lowest station in the Upper Provinces where ice could be manufactured by a simple process of evaporation when the thermometer was above freezing point. For Hindu customs and antiquities, the work of the Rev. Mr. Sherring should be consulted. Mr. Hunter says nothing about the colony of Hindus from Lower Bengal, who, to the number of several thousands, inhabit a part of this city, and have a press, a Society, and a newspaper of their own. We reserve for a future occasion all notice of topics less familiar than the cities associated with the rivalry of Hindus and Buddhists, with the splendour of Mohammedan sovereigns, and with the commerce and conquests of adventurous Englishmen.

#### DARWIN ON THE ACTION OF WORMS.\*

MR. DARWIN'S little volume on the habits and instincts of earth-worms is no less marked than the earlier or more elaborate efforts of his genius by freshness of observation, unflinching power of interpreting and correlating facts, and logical vigour in generalizing upon them. The width of his sympathies with nature is not bounded by the limits which conventional taste or inherited prejudice too often assigns to the study of natural objects. It is not because such and such forms of life are rare or beautiful, complex or exotic, that they kindle his enthusiasm or keep his attention on the stretch by day and night. None has proved too humble or too repulsive in popular estimate to awaken his interest and concentrate his powers of observation. In the economy of life nothing is common or unclean to one who has learnt to view nature as a whole—various in function, but uniform in structure and design. In what is popularly thought the lowest grade of life it may be shown that there is a use, an adaptation to ends, and a resulting beauty which may reverse the verdict of vulgar prejudice. Animals even more lowly organized than the worm—namely, corals—have built up reefs, islands, and continents from the bed of the ocean, as Mr. Darwin was the first adequately to recognize and to explain. He now comes before us to do justice to an order of toilers far more despised, and even cast out as evil. In point of structure the worm, as he shows us, presents an interesting object of study. In its intelligence it holds no mean rank among living creatures, and in its labours are involved results which it behoves us to look upon with wonder and gratitude. The main purpose of Mr. Darwin's work is to point out the share which worms have taken in the formation of the layer of vegetable mould which covers the whole surface of the land in every moderately humid country. Though it may rest upon various subsoils, and differs but little in its general aspect—being for the most part blackish in colour and having but a few inches of thickness—one of its chief characteristics is the fineness of the particles of which this mould is composed, and this is to be seen whenever a field long undisturbed is freshly turned up by the plough. Now, although of the highest antiquity, viewed as a whole, yet, as regards permanence, the component particles of this superficial structure of earth have been all along in process of removal at a rate by no means tardy, being replaced by others due to the disintegration of the underlying materials. Nature's ploughman, the earth-worm, has been for ages at his humble but beneficent work.

As early as the year 1837 a paper was read by Mr. Darwin before the Geological Society of London, in which it was shown that small fragments of burnt marl, cinders, &c., which had been thickly strewn over the surface of several meadows, were found after a few years buried in a layer some inches beneath the turf. On the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, Staffordshire, that this apparent sinking was due to the large quantity of fine earth continually brought to the surface by worms in the form of castings, he was led to institute experiments which convinced him that all the vegetable mould over the whole country has passed many times through, and will yet over and over again pass through, the intestinal canals of worms. Hence, he infers, the term animal mould would be in many respects more appropriate than that of vegetable mould. His observations during later years, kept up with his characteristic patience and acumen, aided by the suggestions of friends and fellow-students of nature, are embodied in the interesting monograph before us.

The anatomical structure of this widespread, familiar, yet rarely scrutinized order of annelids (illustrated in fig. 1) shows the adaptation of the worm to its life-long task of burrowing. The lissom body is made up of from 100 to 200 almost cylindrical rings or segments, each furnished with minute bristles. Having a well-developed muscular system, worms can, by contact with the surrounding earth, crawl or work themselves backwards as well as forwards, and by the aid of their affixed tails can retreat with extraordinary rapidity into their burrows. At the anterior end of the body is seen the mouth, provided with a slight projection known as the lobe or lip, which is used for prehension. Internally behind the mouth there is a strong pharynx, which is pushed forward when the animal eats, corresponding, according to Perrier, with the protrudable trunk or proboscis of other annelids. The pharynx leads into the oesophagus, which has on each side of the lower part three pairs of large glands capable of secreting a

\* *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits.* By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1881.



surprising quantity of carbonate of lime. Nothing corresponding to these calciferous glands is known in any other animal. The oesophagus is enlarged in most species into a crop, behind which comes the gizzard, lined with a smooth, thick, chitinous membrane, and surrounded by muscles, weak lengthways, but powerful transversely. By the action of these muscles the food must be triturated, since the worm possesses no jaws or teeth of any kind. In the gizzard and intestines are to be found grains of sand and small stones from 0.1 to 0.05 inch in diameter, which serve, as is the case with fowls, like millstones, for the trituration of food. From the gizzard the intestine runs in a straight course to the vent at the posterior end of the body, presenting the remarkable structure of the typhlosolis, known to the old anatomists as an intestine within the intestine, consisting, as Claparède has shown, of a deep longitudinal involution of the walls of that organ, by means of which an extensive absorbent surface is gained. Worms breathe through their skin, having no special respiratory organs. Both the circulatory and nervous systems are well developed, and close to the anterior end of the body lie the two almost confluent cerebral ganglia. Although wholly without eyes, it has been found by Hoffmeister and other observers that worms are in general highly sensitive to light, and Mr. Darwin's experiments have strongly confirmed him in this view. The colour of light made no apparent difference, nor were the worms much affected by a sudden or moderate light, the effect being in proportion to its intensity and duration. It is only the anterior extremity of the body, the seat of the cerebral ganglia, which seems affected by it; no effect being produced, though the rest of the body be illuminated, if only this part is shaded. It is through the skin that we must suppose the light to pass and excite the cerebral ganglia; but by no particular difference in the transparency of the skin or in the incidence of the light could Mr. Darwin account for the various ways in which the worms were affected on different occasions. Their action in dashing rabbit-like into their burrows when suddenly illuminated might be looked upon as simply reflex or automatic, the irritation of the cerebral ganglia causing certain muscles to contract independently of the will or consciousness of the animal; but the insensibility of the worm on occasions when its attention seems absorbed in work would point to the possession of a mind comparable in kind, if not in degree, to that of animals higher in the scale of intelligence. Their sensitiveness to light certainly suffices for them to distinguish between day and night, enabling them to choose the night hours for burrowing to the surface, thus escaping many a danger from the diurnal animals that prey upon worms. They appear less sensitive to moderate radiant heat, judging from the effect of a poker heated to dull redness; but a low temperature immediately tells upon them, as may be inferred from their retreating into their burrows during frost. That they equally withdraw during heat may be more directly traceable to the effect of drought, humidity being the first condition of the worm's active work. They show not the slightest sense of hearing, yet are sensitive to vibrations in solid bodies, remaining perfectly unmoved when placed in their pots within a short distance while both high and low notes were loudly struck upon the piano, but rapidly burying themselves when the pots were set upon the vibrating frame of the instrument or were sharply struck. The least current of air, as of the breath, shows how sensitive the worm's whole body is to contact. The sense of smell seems to be feeble and confined to certain odours presumably connected with its food. Tobacco, millefeurs, and paraffin were tried by Mr. Darwin, with no perceptible effect; acetic acid made the worms seem rather uneasy, but this was probably due to the irritation of their skins. Cabbage leaves and bits of onion had a more lively effect, being always discovered when buried a quarter of an inch or so beneath the surface, while scraps of fresh raw meat, of which worms are very fond, remained undetected forty-eight hours, not having become putrid. Though they have their favourite food, which our author tested by manifold experiments, worms are practically omnivorous. Besides decayed leaves of all kinds, their chief diet seems to consist of earth, of which they swallow an enormous quantity, extracting from it whatever digestible matter it may contain, and secreting the residue in the form of the fine mould familiar to us as the worm cast. It is probable that the calciferous glands greatly help in the process of digestion, especially where the worms live over chalky soil, the concretions of lime in the intestine serving moreover to neutralize the acetic acid from decaying leaves.

Carefully watching their habits by night and day, Mr. Darwin has set down a number of interesting particulars as to the way in which worms discriminate and seize their food, excavate their burrows, line and plug them with leaves, or pave them with little stones or seeds. Their instinct is shown in the way they grasp a leaf by its tip rather than by the base or foot-stalk, even in the case of exotic plants, of which neither they nor their progenitors could know anything. Small triangles of paper were found to act similarly as tests of intelligence, 62 per cent. being drawn in by the apex—which independent trials proved to be the way of least resistance—15 per cent. by the middle, and 23 per cent. by the base. When kept in a warm room they were found to work more carelessly, dropping or loosely dragging the triangles—a sad proof of demoralization. The rate at which worms burrow is too various to be easily reduced to measure, some burying themselves in a pot of loose mould in two or three minutes, others taking 15 or 40 minutes, without apparently swallowing any earth, whilst a large worm was 25 hours 40 minutes in burying itself in ferruginous sand, swallow-

ing and evicting large quantities of it. That worms swallow earth more for the sake of nutriment than of making their burrows, though doubted by so high an authority as Claparède, Mr. Darwin considers to be proved by the analysis of castings. A tower-like casting from Nice, photographed life-size, 3.3 inches high, voided probably by a species of *Perichæta*, hollow in the middle, through which the worm must have ascended to eject the earth it had swallowed, showed no signs of a leaf having been drawn in, the organic matter in the earth itself having supplied all necessary food. Similar results were obtained from castings from the Botanic Garden, Calcutta, and from the Nilgiris, one (fig. 4) weighing over a quarter of a pound, the worms measuring 12 or 15 inches in length, and in thickness a man's little finger. With slight generic differences, worms are found at work over nearly all parts of the world alike, in Iceland and Tahiti, in the West Indies and New Caledonia, even in islands isolated and barren as Kerguelen Land, where not even a land bird is to be seen.

The interest of Mr. Darwin's researches culminates in the estimate he proceeds to make of the amount of work brought about by the continual labour of earth-worms, and the effects thereby produced upon the surface of the soil. From careful measurements of the weight of earth ejected from a single burrow and from a number of burrows within a given space, he has come to results which strikingly show the important part played by these seemingly insignificant agents in the economy of nature. In a field near Nice the castings within one square foot of surface were found to weigh 12 ozs. a year, equivalent to 14.58 tons per acre. Upon a chalk down in Kent 83.87 lbs. were accumulated in a square yard, equal to 18.12 tons per acre. Near Leith Hill, Surrey, the yield was calculated at 7.56 tons annually on one piece of land, and 16.1 tons on another. If uniformly spread out over the surface, the castings ejected would amount, Mr. Darwin estimates from a number of instances, to a thickness of about 1½ inch in ten years. The number of worms to be met with in an acre of garden land has been estimated by Hensen at 53,767; but, taking half this amount as the yield of average land, it may be inferred that each worm ejects some 20 ozs. a year in about the same number of castings. Considering that many a burrow extends to three, four, or even five feet in depth, it is easy to conceive the amount of change perpetually going on in the distribution of subsoil, fresh and virgin mould being brought up by these untiring miners to renew and fertilize the upper earth. At the same time they carry on the process of burying objects resting on the surface—stones, bricks, and other *débris* sinking to all appearance with the lapse of time; the fact being that the worm-casts are heaped up alongside and over them till they become entirely hidden from view. Instances are given of great stones, the apparent sinking of which has been measured. One which had lain in a grass field for thirty-five years had been buried to the extent of 1½ inch below the original surface, another larger stone about 2 inches, the mould rising to several inches higher against the sides of the stone from the fact of the worms working under it having to eject their castings clear of the under surface, and thus piling them to a height above the average level. A sloping field near Mr. Darwin's house had been so thickly covered with flints great and small as to be called "the stony field." As his sons ran down the field the stones clattered together. In thirty years they had been so thoroughly buried that a horse could gallop from one end of the field to another and not strike with his shoes a single stone. A flagged path was similarly covered up in about the same space of time. A layer of coal ashes strewn upon the surface was found in a distinctly marked line, within eighteen years, 7 inches under the soil. In New Zealand there was found, from 3 to 6 inches underground, a layer of rude weapons and implements, flakes and chips of basalt, dropped by the aborigines upon the surface. Farmers are wont to speak of lime, cinders, and heavy stones "working themselves downwards"; and Mr. Darwin throws out a hint for surveyors as to the possibility of their "bench stones" set in the ground to mark the levels being turned by the undermining of worms into false standards.

Still more curious are the results indicated by remains of ancient buildings. The floors and walls of Roman villas at Abinger, Chedworth, Silchester, and Brading, penetrated and buried by worm casts, form an excellent index to the rate of accumulation. Pavements have been lowered by the gradual withdrawal of the underlying soil. At Silchester the centre tesserae are found 5½ inches below the line where those at the sides of the apartments join the wall, being thereby kept from subsiding. The ponderous trilithons of Stonehenge have undergone for ages the process of slow interment by the accumulation of mould around them, at the same time that they are in danger of tottering and falling from being undermined by these tiny assailants. On the other hand, we are often indebted to them for the preservation of coins, weapons and ornaments of metal and stone, and relics of all kinds. Archaeologists are reminded by Mr. Darwin of what they owe to the despised earth-worm. The agriculturist, the lover of the picturesque, the economical philosopher, the practical statesman, may join in grateful acknowledgment of services which have so largely helped to clothe the earth with richness and beauty. All lovers of nature, we may add, will unite in thanking Mr. Darwin for the new and interesting light he has thrown upon a subject so long overlooked, yet so full of interest and instruction, as the structure and the labours of the earth-worm.

## OUR RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR.\*

THIS book has many faults, and yet, in spite of them, we have found it, on the whole, lively and interesting. It certainly takes us over country with much of which we had already been familiar through the travels of Mr. Davis, the English chaplain at Alexandria. Nevertheless, accurate as was his observation and minute as was his description, we have been glad to refresh our recollection of such interesting scenes in Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's pages; while, as her travels took in a large tract which he did not cross, we find much that has the charm of novelty. We could wish, however, that she had cut down her book by at least one-fifth. It is too long—a good deal too long. Publishers would do well were they each to keep a literary pruner, as it were, who should with an unsparring hand lop away all that is superfluous. Writers of travels would thereby be taught that their business is to tell what they have seen, and not to hash up what they have read. Because a man—or a woman for the matter of that—spends a few weeks in Asia, he is not the better fitted for making an abstract of all the learning of the East. Our author, for instance, goes to Tarsus, and therefore she seems to think that she has something fresh to tell us about St. Paul. From St. Paul's birthplace she gets by an easy transition to Rome, where the tradition is that he suffered martyrdom. She next tells us that it is believed that he died by the sword. This leads her to inform her readers that "decapitation by the axe was the usual mode of inflicting capital punishment on a Roman citizen; but in A.D. 66, during the reign of Nero, death by the sword was more common." We ought to be thankful that she is not led on to tell us where axes and swords were manufactured in the first century of our era. She comes to a village which "Mr. Davis," she writes, "thinks was very probably the site of Lystra." She at once assumes that it was the site, describes how the Apostle healed the cripple there, and in a footnote adds, "Paul, the sacred record teaches us, was taken for Mercury because he was the chief speaker." Because she has gone to Asia Minor and has seen a village which another traveller thinks was very probably the site of Lystra, have all we who have stayed at home lost our copies of the sacred record? Unfortunately for the reader, it was not only St. Paul who rendered Tarsus famous. "It possessed," says our author, "one of the three great Universities of the world." Here a footnote might well have been added to show us in what sense she uses the term *University*. The town gives, indeed, an opportunity for a great display of learning, for in less than a page we find dragged in Sardanapalus, Xerxes and Alexander, Frederick Barbarossa, Antony and Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Hadrian, Augustus, Pompey, Justinian, Haroun-al-Raschid, his son El Mamoun, and Bayazid II. In one passage we read how our author and her husband carried off from a ruin some fragments of ancient blue tiling, which likely enough are now adorning the sides of her hearth. We were reminded of the fragments of old learning with which modern travellers so often adorn their books. In one place the information that she gives is singularly confusing. She has it, she says, from an American missionary, but we would gladly believe that it has suffered in the transmission. "Mr. Farnsworth," she writes, "kindly gave me the following dates. An Arabic inscription on the tomb of Honant proves it to have been erected in 635 of the Hegira (1238 of our year the Crusades)." Does our author or her informant believe that there was only one Crusade, and that it lasted just one year? It would seem so; but yet it is not easy to think that such ignorance exists. We are all of us, however, as we ought to remember, too easily amazed when we discover that another person does not know a fact with which we have been long familiar. Thus Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, in writing of "Colonel Briscoe of the Turkish Gendarmerie," says, "As nearly every one knows, he was formerly in the 15th Hussars, and is now acting A.D.C. to Said Pasha, who is very fond of him, indeed Colonel Briscoe always lives with his chief." We will deal fairly and openly with our author. We are astonished, as we have said, at finding out that she knows nothing of the Crusades, but she shall have her triumph over us in return. We are ignorant of what not only she, but nearly every one, knows. We never knew that Colonel Briscoe was in the 15th Hussars; nor had Said Pasha's fondness for him reached our ears, though it had gone to the length of making the acting A.D.C. live with his chief in his house at Aleppo.

Some part of the interest of the book is certainly due to the utter ignorance of the country with which the author started on her travels. She brings thereby a fresher mind to all that she sees, and she describes much that a better-read traveller might pass over in silence. It is true that she too often records what must be known to any one who is familiar with even a volume or two of Eastern travels; but, on the other hand, her descriptions have at all events the merit of liveliness, while we may safely assume that most of her readers will be as ignorant of Anatolia as she herself was in the spring of last year. She had "expected to find at least a tolerable inn" in the first small town in Syria to which she came, and was, with the rest of her party, utterly ignorant of the nature of a khan. Yet it is nearly two hundred years ago that Maundrell warned travellers that in this country "a man does not meet with a market-town and inns every night as in England," but will only find "certain public lodgments called by the Turks *kames*, where you must expect nothing generally but bare walls."

Whatever may have been our author's surprise, she was not in the least discouraged by the want of accommodation. Indeed we must do her the justice to admit that she has one admirable quality in a traveller and in a narrator of travels—she makes the best of everything, and scarcely grumbles. She thoroughly enjoys the country fare on which she lived for many a week, though it was only twice that she had any meat. The travellers had, indeed, taken with them some tins of preserved meat, but they neglected them for the homely fare of bread, eggs, and milk. Fresh meat was scarcely to be had, and they never missed it. Her lodgings were often of the rudest; but the weariness brought on by the fatigues of the daily ride made even the rudest lodgings welcome. In fact, she keeps herself and her reader in good humour almost from the beginning of the book to the end; and even if she does vex us now and then by her learning, yet we try to remember how patiently she bore long rides on stumbling horses and in jolting carts.

Like all other honest travellers in Asia Minor, Mrs. Scott-Stevenson raises in us a feeling of anger against the Turkish rulers who have ruined so noble a land, and of pity for the sufferings of the Turkish peasantry under the rapacious Pashas who one after the other come from Constantinople to prey upon those who are as industrious as they are helpless and weak. Our author is an impartial witness. Her sympathies are all with Turkey, while her hatred of Russia goes almost beyond bounds. We are not at all surprised that the Russian Consul of Aleppo—a wary diplomatist, as she calls him—tried, as she says, "to find out the real reason of our travelling in Asia Minor." Her husband is an officer in the army, at present serving as one of the Civil Commissioners in Cyprus. "He," she writes, "often speaks of Asia Minor as the 'future recruiting-ground' of England; for its sturdy peasants and brave mountaineers are ready and willing to meet our common foe. And it is here, in all probability, that we shall again encounter that incarnation of organized hypocrisy and injustice, of brute force and cruelty—the Russian Government, and the Russian people." One day in their travels a young Turcoman asked Captain Scott-Stevenson whether he would let him serve under him should he go to Cyprus. "Andrew [the Captain] put to him the two questions he asks every man who applies to him for enlistment—first, if he was willing to serve the Queen; then, if he was ready to fight the Russians. 'Evet, evet' (Yes, yes), he called out enthusiastically." Her friendly feelings towards the Turks are as strong as her hatred of the Russians. She praises their patience, their politeness, their kindness, their hospitality. She draws a contrast, and it is a strong one, between them on the one hand, and the Armenians and Circassians on the other, and it is always in favour of the Turks. The Armenians grudged the travellers food, even sometimes altogether refused to supply any for liberal payment. The Turkish peasants gave what they had, and often would accept nothing in return. One day she came to a little village, and asked for food. "In a few minutes men and women arrived with bowls of buffalo milk, boiled eggs, fried eggs, butter, bread, and coffee; and so soon as the plate of food was put in the araba [cart], would run away, so as to prevent payment being offered. . . . I was most anxious to pay them, but they refused to accept anything, and said strangers were always welcome." From the Pashas and others in authority the travellers met with the greatest kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. "I feel," the author writes, "a sort of repugnance in saying anything against the governors, as though it were almost a want of gratitude in me to do so. Yet the truth compels me to state that I do not believe we met one honest or capable leader in the whole country we passed through." The ruins of temples, theatres, roads, bridges, aqueducts, and vast cities would show, if all written record were wanting, how flourishing this land had once been. It is now not merely a country full of ruins, it is one great ruin itself. Vast tracks that might support a teeming population lie untilled and waste. In one way it is even in a worse state than it was before man first set foot on it; for the forests have been cut down or fired. As they disappear drought takes their place. Oppression of the rulers has done one part of the work, their neglect another, and the brigands a third. The travellers for eight days rode over plains so fertile that, writes our author, "one would think there was enough pasture to feed the whole of Asia. As it was, they were quite deserted, except by a few small tribes of wandering Bedouins or Turcomans." Later on their path led them "through parklike scenery, fine firs and huge arbutus trees. . . The prickly oak, the plane, the birch, or a tree like it, bordered the narrow path." The only living things they saw "in the vast solitude round us" were tortoises. No care was taken to repair the bridges, to mend the roads, or even to keep them from being wantonly ruined. In many places they found them cut through by a watercourse that a neighbouring farmer had dug. Till the travellers had shovelled back the earth they could not get their cart over the ditch. In other places pits for storing corn are dug in the very centre of the roadway. When sowing-time comes round and the grain is removed, no care is taken to fill the pit. "A pickaxe is almost a necessity in driving near these villages. Without one we could not have got the *araba* over." In many places the ancient road had disappeared. "It is surely a scandalous thing," our author indignantly writes at the end of a hard day's travelling, "that the second greatest town in the eastern part of the Turkish Empire should actually be without a road either to enter it or leave it." In another passage she says that "no attempt is ever made to fill up the ruts or to repair the old causeways; and the consequence is that most of the towns are unapproachable except on foot."

\* *Our Ride through Asia Minor*. By Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, Author of "Our Home in Cyprus." With Map. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1881.



She pleasantly adds, "In one sense Asia Minor is truly a free country; every man seems to do just what he likes with the land. He may cut down trees, turn watercourses, destroy the roads, build shanties, and do, in fact, whatever he chooses." It was from the little port of Killindryeh that the travellers sailed on their return to Cyprus. "The inhabitants complained bitterly because the broken bridge across the river had never been repaired; declaring that, were it made serviceable, their little town and harbour would be the most thriving along the coast." In this opinion our author shares, so well is the town situated for the inland trade. In a footnote she adds, "One cannot fail to see that absolutely *nothing*" (the italics are hers) "is done to increase the trade or secure the prosperity of the people." The result is what we might expect. "Throughout the heart of Asia Minor," she writes, "we have been struck by this want of population." Every town is more than half in ruins, simply because there are not people enough to occupy the houses and keep them in repair."

We have dwelt chiefly on one side of this work. It has, however, another and a brighter side, on which we have not left ourselves space to do more than touch. The narrative is full of incidents and even of adventures. A journey of several weeks through so wild a land was not without its dangers, and the risks that the travellers ran were more than once really great. On one occasion Captain Scott-Stevenson found it high time to use his fists "after the manner of his preceptor, Mr. Jem Mace. . . . In a moment the blue, the green, the yellow gowns went flying in all directions." On other occasions it seemed only too likely that, to save his life and his wife's life too, he would have to use far more deadly weapons than his hands. The descriptions of the scenery are for the most part pretty enough, though now and then our author does fall away into fine writing. Her book, however, deserves this high praise. No one can read it without casting at least one longing look Eastwards, and uttering the wish that it may some day or other fall to his lot to see with his own eyes that famous and most noble land wherein, in spite of all that its rulers have done to work its ruin, so rare a beauty still lingers.

#### FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWSS volume on the French dramatists of the present century is likely to be welcomed by the increasing number of people interested in dramatic literature, both on account of its subject and because it presents to English readers the views on this subject of an American writer of experience. There will probably be many dissentients from a great deal of what he has to say; and this, it may be said, is inherent in the very nature of a work dealing with matters as to which, beyond certain limits, there cannot but be room for endless variety of opinion. It is, for instance, as open to Mr. Matthews to say in his preface that the French "have done better work in the drama than in any other department of literature," or of Alfred de Musset that he "was a dramatist only secondarily, and, so to speak, by accident," as it is to him to follow later on in M. Zola's footsteps by speaking somewhat slightly of M. Victor Hugo's dramatic powers. One curious point in the book, it may here be noted, is that it shows throughout an increasing tendency to believe in M. Zola's critical faculty; and this is the more remarkable in the chapter devoted to M. Victor Hugo, inasmuch as its end seems oddly and unfortunately at variance with its beginning. But, before going into these matters, it may be not amiss to give some idea of the object of the book. This is "to give an outline of the course of the drama in France from the first quarter of this century to the present time." It is certainly odd to find at starting that in such a scheme such a writer as Alfred de Musset should be "passed with but casual attention"; but, when this allowance has been made—and it must be admitted to be a considerable one—the volume will be found to contain a good deal of information which will be useful to those who approach the subject as a new one, and a good deal of critical writing which perhaps may not lose in interest from the fact that one often finds oneself unable to accept the author's views.

Mr. Matthews prefixes to his volume "a brief chronology of the French Drama in the Nineteenth Century." In this the preface prepares us to some extent for finding not a single work of Alfred de Musset mentioned, although the date of his birth is given; and apart from this the work is carefully compiled, and may be found useful for reference. The writer then gives a slight sketch of the Romantic Movement, and follows it by the chapter referred to on M. Victor Hugo, which contains certain statements that strike us with some surprise. In speaking of *Hernani*, for instance, Mr. Matthews is no doubt right in saying that the metre of the play is "handled by a master of verse," but he is, it seems to us, equally wrong in describing the rhymed Alexandrine as "lumbering and jingling." This is, however, less odd than the subsequent assertion that "when Hugo drops verse he gives up a great advantage. His plays in verse may pass for poetic dramas; but his plays in prose are of a truth prosaic." As if to make this startling assertion yet more startling, Mr. Matthews goes on to support it by reference to *Lucrèce Borgia*, and puts a climax to what he has said by telling his readers that M. Hugo's *Lucrèce* "arouses the latent instinct of caricature when, in the

first act, she tries special pleading for herself, and lays the blame and the burden of her sins on her family—It is the example of my family which has misled me"—one involuntarily recalls the fair Greek heroine of the *Belle Hélène*, who complains of 'the fatality which weighs upon me.' After this it is comparatively not surprising to find that the author has come to a definite conclusion that M. Victor Hugo is alike deficient "in the power of creating character true to nature and in unflinching elevation of thought." Now Mr. Matthews leads off by describing M. Hugo as "a born playwright," and has subsequently said that in his prose dramas "there is no falling-off in the ingenuity of invention or in the constructive skill of the author," although the plays "seem somehow on a much lower level than those in verse." It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to reconcile the various positions which the writer thus takes; and perhaps what explanation there may be can be found in his concluding paragraphs, in which, having said that "the best part of him [M. Hugo] has got out of literature into life," the writer goes off at score into a burst of "high-falutin'" enthusiasm over M. Hugo's career as apart from his writings. We must confess to being no more impressed with the truth of this than of the statement that "no great dramatic poet, no one who was truly a dramatic poet, could have written such stuff" as (we are tempted to quote "je vous le donne en cent") "*Marie Tudor* or *Angelo*." From M. Victor Hugo Mr. Matthews passes to Alexandre Dumas père. Here we are far more at one with him than in what he has to say of M. Victor Hugo, and special praise may be given to the judgment and insight with which he has written on the vexed question of Dumas's *collaborateurs*. No one who has considered the question seriously is likely to disagree with Mr. Matthews's conclusion as to the true history of the *Tour de Nesle* that "looking back now, one can scarcely have a doubt as to whom the success of the drama was due—whether to M. Gaillardet, who had not done anything like it before, and who has not done anything like it since, or to Dumas, who had shown in *Henri III.* and *Antony* his ability to write a play of precisely the same quality. The original sequence of situations was no doubt suggested by M. Gaillardet; but the play, as it stands, is unequivocally the handiwork of Dumas." Of *Henri III.*, which may claim the honour of the first Romantic victory on the boards of the Français, Mr. Matthews gives a spirited sketch, although, by the way, he does not seem to be aware that the incident of the husband's claspings his wife's wrist with his iron gauntlet is taken from Scott. "I am inclined," he says, "to call *Henri III.* Dumas's best drama. It has a compressed energy, and a certain elevation of manner, not found together in any of his other plays." Here we are disposed to agree with the writer, although he has, perhaps, underrated some of the other plays, and notably *Don Juan de Marana*, which he calls, it must be admitted with some show of reason, a "hodge-podge." The expression cannot, strictly speaking, be quarrelled with; but we are inclined to think that the writer might have seen more merit than he has done in the play, in spite of its obvious, and in some respects shocking, faults. However this may be, we are in the main disposed to agree with Mr. Matthews's estimate of the elder Dumas, which is interesting in itself, and valuable as an antidote to the stupid stuff which used not very long ago to be talked and written about one of the great figures in modern European literature.

From Dumas Mr. Matthews passes on to Scribe, and here finds occasion for giving a brief and lively sketch of the growth of the *vaudeville*, and of its final transformation in the hands of Scribe:—

In 1820, four years after Scribe's first success, M. Poirson, his collaborator in that play, opened the Gymnase theatre, and at once bound Scribe by contract not to write for any rival house for the space of ten years. This is the decade of Scribe's most copious production. Aided by a host of collaborators, he brought out at the Gymnase a hundred and fifty pieces, nearly all of them *vaudevilles*. Sure of his public, Scribe gave the *vaudeville* still greater extension. From one act he enlarged it often to two, and at times to three acts. From a merely jocular and hasty representation of scenes from every-day life, he raised it now into comedy, and again into drama. As he trusted more and more to his plot, to the situations which his wondrous constructive skill enabled him to present to the best advantage, the couplets, although still retained, became of less and less importance; they could even be omitted without great loss. In at least one case this was done. Scribe had written a *vaudeville* in one act for the Gymnase, intending the chief part for Léontine Fay, who, however, fell sick before the piece was put into rehearsal. The author cut out the couplets, and cut up the play into three acts, changing but one line of his original prose in so doing. Then he took *Valérie*, a comedy in three acts, to the Théâtre Français, where it was accepted at once, and where Mlle. Mars acted the blind heroine with her usual graceful perfection. This anecdote shows how the *vaudeville* had grown in Scribe's hands. A *vaudeville* which a skilful touch or two will turn into a comedy fit for the Comédie Française is very far from the *vaudeville* which is only a hastily dramatized anecdote. Of this *comédie-vaudeville*, then, Scribe was really the inventor, as well as its most industrious maker.

This is appreciative and true enough; nor is it untrue of Scribe that "his characters are silhouettes, into which the scissors have cut also the date." Mr. Matthews may indeed be congratulated on having done Scribe, to some extent, a justice which it was fitting should be done, and the adequate doing of which is necessarily the result of much pains. He contrasts fairly enough Scribe's method of treating his collaborators with that adopted by Dumas; but in so doing he is careful not to injure in any way the impression which he has given of Dumas. We have qualified the statement made above that the writer has done justice to Scribe, because here, as elsewhere in his volume, Mr. Matthews seems beset as he draws to the end of his chapter with a desire to "hedge." Having told us many facts that we read with interest,

\* *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*. By J. Brander Matthews. London: Remington & Co. New York: Scribner.

and having shown considerable appreciation concerning Scribe, he ends up by, to put it shortly, finding fault with him for not having written what he never attempted to write:—"He showed no knowledge that life is more than mere work and play, that there can be grand self-sacrifice, noble sorrow, or any large and liberal sweep of emotion." Setting aside the fact that these very qualities are the making of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (a play which, as Mr. Matthews is forced to admit, owes at least as much to Scribe as to his collaborator), it is left for us to ask why Scribe's commentator, having given him the praise due to him as the inventor of a form of comedy which has since become stereotyped, should rail at him for not having done something quite different. This is a form of criticism which is but too common, and we cannot but regret that Mr. Matthews should have adopted it. It is remarkable, in connexion with what we have already hinted as to M. Zola's influence, that in the chapter on M. Augier, which follows that on Scribe, Mr. Matthews is unstinted in admiration for M. Augier, and at one point backs his opinion with a quotation from M. Zola. It is possible to have a great admiration for M. Augier without M. Zola's authority; and we share Mr. Matthews's admiration to a considerable extent, though we may not go so far as to class Giboyer with the oddly-assorted company of "Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Tartuffe, and Captain Costigan." Akin to this in spirit, though infinitely more startling in itself, is what the writer has to say later on in his chapter on MM. Meilhac and Halévy concerning *La Belle Hélène*. Of this *libretto* he writes that, "allowing for the variations made with comic intent, it is altogether Greek in spirit—so Greek, in fact, that I doubt whether any one who has not given his days and nights to the study of Homer and of the tragedians, and who has not thus taken in by the pores the subtle essence of Hellenic life and literature, can truly appreciate this French farce." This might lead one into pleasing visions of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's long devotion to studying "the subtle essence of Hellenic life and literature," and the joy they experienced when they felt that they were at length sufficiently imbued with Grecism to write "this French farce," and forthwith set to work to do so; but, in truth, suggestions like the one just quoted baffle all comment and can only be left to speak for themselves. There is, unluckily, a good deal more of the same kind in this chapter; but the specimen which we have quoted may be enough to show its purport. Here, as at the end of his otherwise well-considered chapter on M. Feuillet, Mr. Matthews seems to have been carried away by his desire to say, at whatever cost, something which nobody else would be likely to say. However, as we have before said, he has chosen a subject which is especially open to controversy, and therefore perhaps especially likely to provoke a tendency to paradox, and it is, at any rate, refreshing to find a writer who has so completely the courage of his opinions whatever they may be.

#### THE BRAES OF YARROW.\*

MR. GIBBON has written some pleasant novels, and he has succeeded best when he has taken Scotland for his field; but we are sorry that we cannot congratulate him on his latest venture. The historical romance is always a hazardous experiment, and must inevitably provoke disadvantageous comparisons. It is not every man who has the genius of a Walter Scott or a Victor Hugo, or who can throw himself into the life of distant times even with such moderate and ephemeral success as a G. P. R. James or a Harrison Ainsworth. And we must say for Mr. Gibbon that his deprecatory dedication suggests a modest consciousness of failure. It is addressed to "My Boys," which commends the book to our merciful consideration; but at the same time it throws out an indirect challenge to the critics:—"There are in it sundry historical anachronisms, but I am not going to point them out; first, because you ought to be able to discover them yourselves; and next, because there will be plenty of critics to direct your attention to them." We should fancy that the discovery of the anachronisms in question would be easy to any fairly well educated boy, and there can be no manner of doubt that they will not escape the most superficial reviewers. In fact, the whole of the novel, in style, incident, and suggestion, strikes us as a consecutive anachronism from the beginning to the end. The scenes of the story are laid in turbulent, distracted, and semi-barbarous Scotland, in the year succeeding the disastrous defeat of Flodden. The chief characters, under the rank of great historical personages, are adventurous soldiers of fortune, or wild Border barons who lived by foray or plunder. Yet, if the parochial school system of Scotland had been as well organized in the fifteenth century as at present, they could hardly have done more credit to their instructors. Lord Angus boasted, in Scott's *Marmion*, that, save Gawain the learned Bishop of Dunkeld, no son of his could pen a line. But probably the Douglas family would have kept a capable private tutor, had such appendages to a great establishment been common. In *The Braes of Yarrow* the ladies and gentlemen read and write with the greatest readiness. A nameless man, though he subsequently turns out to be a nobleman of high birth, who has been appointed, by a stroke of good luck, full private in her Majesty's Guards, sits down at a moment's notice and dashes you off a letter to the dictation of the head of the house of Angus.

Mailed warriors glance their eyes over correspondence as if they were merchants in the city of London opening their letters. Young ladies of rank lightly scribble *billets-doux*, and we have a pseudo-noble who imitates the statutory offence of Lord Marmion for which Scott was so severely ridiculed, and forges with such perfection of calligraphy that it is impossible to detect the imposture. Seeing that the good society of the time has mastered the difficult art of penmanship, it would be cavilling to take any exception to their style of conversation. Yet we cannot help being somewhat taken aback when rough Borderers and their retainers, in their wildest outbreaks of unbridled passion, attend to the rules of speech with severe propriety, and even rise into flights of polished eloquence. It is true that some mild oaths are thrown in by way of make-weights; but even oaths like "Odds boddikins" seem anachronistic, and savour strangely of modern times. Even the habits and mode of living of the aristocracy appear to have been more luxurious than is popularly supposed. Thus we are informed that "the new Lord of Binram occupied an elegantly furnished suite of apartments on the second flat of a house in the Canongate, near the Netherbow Port." The italics are our own; and we are only surprised that Mr. Gibbon does not condescend to describe the Lord of Binram's muffins and coffee, and his dressing-gown and slippers, and the copy of the *Edinburgh Courant* laid on the breakfast-table by the solemn valet in respectable black. There are Geneva clocks chiming from the chimney-pieces of Holyrood Palace, though we believe it was towards the end of the century that *horlogerie* began to flourish in Geneva; and we have some novel lights on the weapons of the period. Nor is it only in the costumes and properties of his thrilling melodrama that Mr. Gibbon ventures on audacious liberties. The scenes are laid partly in the Scottish capital, partly on the Borders; and horsemen ride from one to the other at a pace that might be envied by the occupants of modern Parliamentary trains on the Caledonian and North British Railways. So far as we can gather, one lady of the highest rank, who has been ravished and hurried away by the greatest villain of the piece, only musters breath and resolution to question him as to his purpose when they are drawing bridle on the Braes of Yarrow. We take no exception to Gilpin Horner, the original of Lord Cranston's Goblin Page, being transferred from the farmhouse of Todshaw Hill to the fortalice of the freebooter Scott of Tushielaw, since, being still a being of mystery, he is a fair subject for the fancy.

To return to Mr. Gibbon's dedication, where it deals with the matter of the novel. We are told "It is an old-fashioned story of hair-breadth escapes, of mysteries, of hard fighting." So it is, undoubtedly. In fact, the hairbreadth escapes are at least as inexplicable as the mysteries, and the hard fighting introduces us to warriors with the proverbial nine lives of the cat, or who, like Achilles, seem to have been bathed in the Styx and made absolutely invulnerable to pikes and broadswords. Most of the escapes naturally fall to the lot of Gilbert Elliot, who may be regarded as the novel's hero. He is tracked by moss-troopers, guided by savage bloodhounds. His chivalrous disposition and his excellent heart induce him to encumber himself with helpless females. But, with the good luck as well as the courage of the knight-errant of romance, he mows down his enemies "like the seeded hay," and gives them the slip in thickets and morasses with which they ought to have been as familiar as the rabbits or the wild ducks. But three of his adventures are especially remarkable, and they follow each other in an ascending scale of sensation and in the natural sequence of the story. On the first occasion he obtains admission in disguise to the tower of the wild freebooter, Scott of Tushielaw, with the purpose of rescuing a fair captive with whom Scott means to make a Sabine marriage. Elliot, although interrupted in the course of his proceedings, continues nevertheless to saw through the iron gratings of the window, and lowers himself from an upper chamber by means of a stout rope, with the buxom form of a Scottish matron buckled to his stalwart back. The adroitness of the achievement would have done credit to a London fireman, even had there been no urgent reason to hurry over it, nor any apprehension of a hot pursuit. It might have been supposed that Elliot would be slow to trust himself near such a rat-trap a second time; but the behests of chivalry and generosity create combinations of circumstances over which he has no control. A second time he is in one of the dungeons of the tower of Tushielaw, and on this occasion an involuntary tenant. Either by design or accident he touches the spring of a trapdoor in the flooring, and tumbles into a subterranean watercourse that communicates with the Yarrow. Considering that it is "mirk night," and that Yarrow is in "speat," we should have concluded we had seen the last of him had he been anybody but the hero of the book. As it is, we are less surprised than we might otherwise have been when, as another acquaintance of ours is stemming a flooded ford a long way down the valley of the Yarrow, a body is washed up against his struggling steed, to be dragged to the bank and happily resuscitated. Surely a special interposition of Providence, if ever there was one! And yet Providence has a crowning deliverance in store for this special favourite. Master Elliot has unduly prolonged his leave from his corps, owing to the untoward circumstances to which we have referred. Without the formal process of a court-martial, he is summarily condemned to death for desertion. We do not see why a court-martial should have been dispensed with, seeing that a firing party of twelve of his comrades is told off—in the sixteenth century—to do execution on the culprit.

\* *The Braes of Yarrow: a Romance.* By Charles Gibbon, Author of "Robin Gray," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.



When the solemn preliminary arrangements have been completed, we are all impatient for the arrival of the inevitable reprieve. The gallant victim makes it his dying prayer that he shall fall facing the firearms with eyes unbandaged. The pieces are levelled, and for the life of us we cannot understand what delays the lingering messenger of good tidings. The pieces actually go off; the object of their concentrated aim tumbles over; and, veteran novel-reader as we are, we are utterly taken aback. This premature catastrophe in the gloomiest style, à la *Bride of Lammermoor*, has upset all our prognostications. Yet, had our faith been a little stronger, as it should have been after our experience of Mr. Gibbon, we might have known the death was only a false alarm. After twelve men have fired at him from a distance of a very few paces, and under the immediate eyes of their officers, who must have noted the elevation of their pieces, Elliot is picked up very little the worse. One shot has penetrated his shoulder, the eleven remaining charges have gone wide of the mark. That he establishes his claim to a peerage and a property, that he marries the lovely daughter of the all-powerful Earl of Angus, is absolutely something of an anticlimax after all that has befallen him.

The lives of the two villains of the story are, perhaps, almost as remarkable; though the powers of evil who befriend them naturally throw them over at the last. The wrongful possessor of the lands and title to which Gilbert Elliot proves the rightful heir seems likewise to carry a talisman on his person which makes him proof to steel and rope, to fire and water—at all events till his inevitable term is up. Besides, his crafty head helps his ready hand, for he is gifted with the diabolical astuteness of an Achitophel. But his staunch comrade and ally, Scott of Tushielaw, the historical freebooter to whom we have already referred, is even more mysterious in his ways and habits. We should, for example, hardly have expected to find money so plentiful with a man of his stamp that he could afford recklessly to offer a reward of a hundred gold pieces for the recovery of a captive who had escaped from his hold. We should have fancied that the "Border lads of the belt and bridle" would have been ready enough to obey the truculent chief's behests without any such fabulously extravagant stimulus. But we are still more puzzled by the deed of treachery imputed to Tushielaw on the eve of the battle of Flodden. It is not like a bold Scottish riever of birth and name, although with decidedly loose ideas as to property, to sell his king and country to the Southern with whom he was at deadly feud. We should have thought his information as to the ways and means of circumventing the Scottish host must have been absolutely worthless, considering that Lord Surrey was on English soil and must have had many "Northumbrian pricklers" in his camp who knew each pass and peat-moss in the county. And the reward for which the traitor stipulated is still more extraordinary, being a free pardon for crimes committed in the English marches, with protection against the vengeance of the Scots he had betrayed. It was only by a generous afterthought of the English general that Tushielaw consented to accept a sum of money in addition. With which crowning extravagance we may close our notice of a novel abounding more copiously in anachronisms and absurdities than even its ingenious author hints in his dedication.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—DOMESTIC SERIES, 1654.\*

THOUGH there are many more years than two in the history of England in the seventeenth century which might claim for themselves the title of the Year of Wonders, bestowed upon 1666 in verse and upon 1602 in prose, the year 1654 can hardly with any propriety be reckoned among them. In foreign affairs, it is indeed notable for the termination of the most serious foreign war waged by this country under the Commonwealth; but though the peace with the United Provinces was very popular, and brought with it very substantial advantages, it went but a small way towards the realization of the ideas with which the English Government had first entered into the negotiations. Altogether, though in this year there was a great deal of diplomatic activity at Whitehall, and though by treaties and otherwise the spirited Protestant policy of the Protector was preparing for the great strokes of 1655, no more serious complication with a foreign Power arose than the little difficulty about the Portuguese ambassador's brother and his execution on Tower Hill. Foreign ambassadors unencumbered by felonious or riotous relatives were beginning to feel comfortable again in a capital which once more offered the decent luxuries of a Court; two members of the Council were, in a sort of rotation, appointed to dine with the Dutch and the French Ambassadors; and, while the former were allowed to receive duty-free four hogheads of white French wine and a quantity of stockfish, the latter, M. de Bordeaux, was liberally "allowed a diet of fifty dishes for first and second course, and thirty dishes of fruit and sweetmeats each meal, and also a convenient allowance for the table of his attendants."

At home too, though the country at large could not yet be said to have made up its mind to "rest and be thankful" under the recently organized system of the Protectorate, yet, inasmuch as Parliament was not to assemble till September, and the ordinances of the Protector and his Council were in the meantime

to have the force of law, there was every reason for prudence on the one side and for acquiescence on the other. With an all-important election so near at hand, it could not but be the primary object of the Government, while causing itself to be respected on all sides, to give as little offence as possible to any interest; and the season was on the whole propitious enough for the various interests to exert themselves with considerable activity on their own behalf. It was a year, if ever year there was, of petitions for the redress of personal grievances, the discussion of which must have occupied no small part of the time of the Council, even when they were remitted for report to one or another of its Committees. There were claims, to which both precedent and policy forbade a deaf ear being turned, for losses in property sustained during or in consequence of the civil war; and there were the petitions of the poor disestablished servants of the Royal household, which in common humanity could not be rejected unheard. Parishes were crying out for ministers, and from the Universities, or rather from that University of Cambridge which the Puritans flattered themselves on having transformed into just what it should be, came chronic entreaties of needy Masters of colleges for payment of the "augmentations" granted them. One Master only, Dr. Seaham of Peterhouse, had got more than his due, having taken too large a share of Dean Cosin's sequestered estate; while his (long since purified) college was detaining, and not, it was alleged, taking very good care of, the Dean's library. The petition of his daughters for payment of their lawful allowance out of the estate now enjoyed by Dr. Seaham and another, and for the restoration to them of the library, was granted; and thus the books came to form "the nucleus of the collection which exists in Bishop Cosin's library at Durham." The desires of the trading classes naturally took a direction in accordance with the commercial policy which gloried in the Navigation Act. The London wine merchants openly demanded protection for their trade, and with some reason asked that, if the retail prices of wine were fixed, the wholesale prices should be fixed likewise. The "ancient hackney coachmen of London," appealing to their many unpaid services to the Parliamentary armies, complained of being "mightily oppressed by a number of hackney coaches set up by coach-makers, harness-makers, innkeepers, ostlers, tapsters, nay, many gentlemen and ladies." And, under date of May 4th, the Council was called upon to deal with a petition to the Protector which purported to come from "the masters and wardens of the handicraft companies of London, viz., merchant tailors, weavers, combmakers, hatband-makers, cutlers, and card-makers," and which throws no very pleasant light upon the sentiments of the class to which the petitioners belonged. It is conceived quite in the spirit in which the London apprentices in the Plantagenet days resented the prosperity of the Easterlings, and in which under Henry VIII. the London weavers proposed to put an end by a kind of industrial St. Bartholomew to the activity of the Venetian merchants; but its most astonishing feature is the coolness with which it treats any supposed claim of the foreign interlopers upon the religious sympathy of English Protestants. The gist of the appeal lies in the complaint "that the French and Holland strangers in and about London have petitioned Parliament, not only for the free exercise of their religion, but for the free use of their trade"; and it is addressed to the Protector in person, because he had spoken to the late Council of the justice of the petitioners' cause, while that Council and the late Parliament had shown themselves very ready to answer the desire of the aliens, all proceedings against whom had been stayed by an Order. In the two annexes to this document the whole case is argued with so candid and complete an exposition of the fair-trade principles of the period that we cannot resist quoting Mrs. Green's abstracts in full:—

I. Statement by the native manufacturers and tradesmen of reasons why aliens should not trade in or near London, and of the mischiefs which would follow.

That the number of native artisans is more than enough, and their skill equal to that of strangers.

That natives are compelled to serve apprenticeships, are incorporated, and punished for bad or deceitful work, and have to pay towards their companies, and also to pay assessments, so that strangers who have not these burdens can undersell them, invite over their own countrymen, and ingross trade. They take large houses, divide them, take inmates, and so breed infection.

They are maintained by getting what we should else have for our maintenance, so that we can hardly live. Divers Parliaments have been so sensible of this that they have made sundry statutes against strangers, from Edward IV. to Henry VIII.

The handicraft men are the nursery of soldiers, and all the army being such, if it were disbanded, they would want employment, strangers having engrossed it, because, being generally disaffected, they stayed at home whilst the English engaged for Parliament, so that the latter have now to turn to dishonourable employments, as porters, chimney sweepers, &c.

If their being protestants, fled hither because of persecution, be an argument that they should trade, it is a better argument for the natives. The law allowed them to work as servants to English masters, but they should not be masters, for it is not prudent to gratify them and discontent us. All other nations prefer their natives to strangers, and an Englishman is only allowed to work as a servant in France or Germany.

II. Statement by 35 Englishmen, in contradiction to a report that English artisans and professors of sciences residing beyond seas are allowed to practise their trades as the natives, that they and other English in Paris and elsewhere have had their tools taken and destroyed, been reviled, beaten, and imprisoned for working as masters, and that they are only tolerated as servants and journeymen. They beg that strangers may not by such toleration eat the bread out of their mouths. Signed by 7 painters, 3 goldsmiths, 3 joiners, 5 cutlers, 12 tailors, 1 combmaker, and 4 weavers.

\* *Calendar of State Papers.—Domestic Series, 1654.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1880.

We have noticed no further reference in the present Calendar to this remarkable remonstrance; nor does it appear whether the Protector further interested himself in clients so naively regardless of the "league and union" which (to quote Mr. Commissioner Lisle) "this nation had with the Protestant interest abroad." The sittings of the Council, largely occupied as it was with details such as those enumerated above, were in fact but very rarely honoured by the presence of the Protector himself, who seems to have lacked that omnivorous appetite for business, small as well as great, which is not inseparable from the energy of a far-seeing and resolute statesman. He was not, however, absent on the extraordinary occasion of April 12th, when he passed, together with other ordinances connected with the same subject, that "for uniting England and Scotland into one commonwealth." None of Oliver Cromwell's measures redounds more largely to the credit of his statesmanship than this; but there is a flavour of hypocrisy, unfortunately not altogether singular in the history of legislative Unions, in the preamble of the sagacious Ordinance in question, which recalls the circumstance that "in December 1651 Parliament sent commissioners to the people of Scotland to invite this union, who, by elected deputies, consented to it." The elected deputies sent up for the purpose to Edinburgh had certainly signified their assent to the measure proposed to them by Vane, St. John, and their colleagues; but its unpopularity with the Scottish nation at large was a very open secret, and could hardly surprise Cromwell, whose army, during its march to Perth in this year 1651, according to Whitlocke, "saw not one Scotsman under sixty years of age, nor any Scots youth above six," there being a general belief that the English intended to cut the throats of all male persons between those ages. The number of representatives in Parliament (then, of course, without a House of Lords) allowed in Cromwell's Ordinance was thirty only—or fifteen less than the number of representatives in the House of Commons granted by the Act of 1707; and the grouping of shires, as afterwards arranged by Lambert and reported to the Council on June 2nd, is not without interest. The Ordinance is, it need hardly be said, silent on the important point of religion; but it may be worth noting that the Protector was, or seemed about this time to be, particularly anxious to conciliate the good will of the Presbyterians; "it is said," writes Secretary Nicholas from Aix-la-Chapelle, "he now seems resolved to run absolutely their way, with which the Independents and Anabaptists (the greatest part of his army) will be much unsatisfied." "What do you hear there," inquires the "good old secretary," as Clarendon calls him, "of his permitting so many Presbyterians to be of his Parliament?" Sir Edward Nicholas proved a true prophet in his prediction that Cromwell would "purge the new elections," though he was not sanguine enough to foresee that even the purged Parliament would resist the Protector's wishes. Meanwhile the Government had taken the greatest pains with the elections. The forms of indenture supplied by the Council to the sheriffs and electors of county members for the choice of "fit and discreet knights" contained a proviso (inserted also in the indentures for borough elections) that the persons chosen "do not alter the government as now settled in a single person and Parliament." Further precautions were taken; but the Committee for elections had many failures to report when the critical time at last arrived. More especially in the West of England and in Wales, disaffected persons, and even actual delinquents, were returned; and from Bristol, the second city in the realm, "divers free burgesses" sent up their plaint to the Protector, how they had come to the place of voting "supposing that the business would be so carried on as to secure the liberties which had cost seas of blood and unspeakable sufferings; but the sheriffs encouraged those who had favoured the late King to vote, promising to bear them out in so doing, and affronted and threatened us, refusing to allow some of us to vote, though duly qualified. They declared that what they did contrary to the instrument" of 1653, which the Council had ordered to be publicly read at the proclamation of all writs of election, "was the judgment of counsel, which we cannot believe, whereon the Cavalier party carried things as if there were no Commonwealth or Protector, but as if Charles Stuart were again enthroned in the sovereignty of this nation, so that we protested against the election, and left the hall." If things do not appear to have gone quite as badly in the Royalist counties of Cumberland, Cheshire, and Lancashire, it was not for want of spirit in the landlords; but perhaps they were apprehensive of the Committees which the Council were about this time sending to mediate between them and the well-affected tenants who had complained of oppression by their "tyrants."

As is well known, the earlier part of the year had not passed by without its Royalist plot, the frustration of which was not more fortunate for its intended victim, the Protector, than for the reputation of King Charles II. and Prince Rupert, whose sanction had been obtained for the scheme. Mrs. Green prints the account of the trial of the principal conspirators—Colonel Gerard (the Gerard whom Don Pantaleon Sa had attempted to kill, but whose fate he was destined to share on the selfsame day), Peter Vowell, and Somerset Fox. Though all three were condemned to death, the life of the last-named was spared; and Cromwell's moderation in bringing to trial only three out of twoscore prisoners has been justly praised. Mrs. Green not unnaturally dwells on the strangeness of the argument, as coming from the lips of the President of a Commonwealth High Court of Justice, that "to compass the death of the supreme magistrate of this nation, whether called by the name of King, Queen, or what name soever, is treason

by the common law of England." But, though the Protector's Government tempered justice with mercy, such occurrences as these rendered the strictest vigilance indispensable to its existence. Gerard and Vowell's conspiracy was discovered in May, and on the 24th of that month, the Protector being present at the sitting, the Council issued a proclamation requiring all householders of London, Westminster, and Southwark, on peril of being themselves considered partakers in the bloody designs recently come to light, to furnish a complete list and account of their lodgers. On June 9th the Council ordered a classification by commissioners of the persons apprehended—"Irishmen" forming one category, and "persons called hectors, common gamblers," &c., another. A number of persons were in this year, both before and after the discovery, sent to the Tower, where, as the list produced at the Council on July 31 shows, still lay several noblemen committed thither in 1651 for bearing arms against the Commonwealth.

As might be expected, what Mrs. Green calls the "literary entries" in this volume are few and far between. The execrable verses of "Chas. Staying," communicated to the Council by some informer in proof of their author's disaffection, are not interesting in themselves; but the testimony of the informer to the influence exercised upon this Malignant by "the late King's book," which he "always carries about with him, and reads to many," is worth noting. The only man of letters who figures by name in this volume is—with the exception of the irrepressible Samuel Hartlib—Sir William D'Avenant, who, after being conditionally released from his imprisonment in the Tower, had been arrested again for debt, and now prayed "for a general pardon, that he might live a faithful subject." Doubtless the prayer was soon granted, and he was thus two years afterwards enabled to commence operations for the "revival of the drama." Of "scientific entries," as we suppose they should be called by analogy, Mrs. Green notes the petition, for arrears of military pay and for compensations due to himself and to his brother slain in Scotland, of Captain Thomas Sydenham, afterwards famous as a physician. More dubious is the fame of the wondrous cures effected by Matthew Coker, here upheld in a letter from an enthusiastic believer, who writes that "two things are now questioned—one, whether there be gifts of healing in the Church, as in the Apostles' times; the other, whether Mr. Coker has those gifts, or only pretends to them." Some other details of more or less interest are pointed out by Mrs. Green in her preface; but we have already exhausted our space. The editor of this volume is one whose work requires no praise from us; it is always unostentatious, and always thorough.

It may perhaps be added that the sequel to the history of the quarrel between George Glapthorne and his constituency of the Isle of Ely (where he was at the same time Justice of the Peace and Chief Bailiff), to which Mrs. Green directs attention in her preface, will be found in a curious narrative contained in a pamphlet in the King's Library, and reprinted in the memoir of Henry Glapthorne prefixed to a recent edition of that dramatist's works. The upshot of this narrative is that George Glapthorne (of whose connexion with Henry we fail, by the way, to see that there is any evidence whatever), having complained of the aspersions cast upon him, was confronted with his accusers by the Council; and that, after evidence against him had been given, and his defence had at his request been postponed to the next day, he preferred not to put in an appearance, but to allow judgment to go by default. The mention of a dramatist reminds us that the marginal note found by Mrs. Green on a copy in the Order-book of the Council of a letter to the Hon. Captain Charles Howard, bidding him provide for the spread in the north of a proclamation prohibiting horse-races and other meetings of disaffected persons, still awaits elucidation. It runs thus (the query is the editor's):

Old Noll's rules to put down interludes (?) of the 99, then to govern the rooth J.C.

Surely we are not wrong in suspecting the heading "Petition of Armiger Warner to the Protector," in p. 219, to be a mere accident, though there is a corresponding entry of "Warner, Armiger," in the index. Nor do we quite understand the designation of Sir Edward Nicholas as "Sir Edward Cologne Nicholas," in p. 407. To attempt to rectify an entry concerning any one of the Counts of the Wettarabian College, otherwise and still more strangely Anglicized as the Counts of Wettarabia (p. 111), might seem sheer presumption; but we cannot suppress a suspicion that the "Count of Hainault" who contributed so munificently to the English subsidy was the Count of Hanau.

#### BUDDHA AND EARLY BUDDHISM.\*

M<sup>R</sup>. LILLIE furnishes a peculiarly unhappy illustration of the proverbial danger of a little knowledge. He has devoted considerable reading and an evidently zealous interest to one of the most important and fascinating subjects not merely of to-day but of the future; for there can be little doubt that Buddhism is destined to exercise an increasing influence over the learned and even the popular mind as its history and real character become more generally and accurately known. But he has touched upon this great subject with an unskilful hand. It needs a scholar to treat of Buddhism in these days, when research has revealed so much that

\* *Buddha and Early Buddhism*. By Arthur Lillie (late regiment of Lucknow). With numerous illustrations. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.



is subversive of old views; but Mr. Lillie gives no evidence of such qualifications as are essential to the proper execution of his work. He has not learnt the rudiments of scientific method, and constantly confuses resemblance with relationship, in the manner of all beginners. His reading, though wide, is in many respects obsolete; he has not kept pace with the literature of his subject, and consequently it is common to find him seriously advancing propositions which have been shown to be erroneous. But his chief disability is the possession of a suicidal gift of imagination which he lets loose upon every department of learning with a recklessness that is almost as amusing as it is astounding.

The very title of the book is a misnomer. Early Buddhism, of which it professes to treat, is precisely the one subject which is not to be found in Mr. Lillie's work. There is a great deal of interesting discussion of Gnosticism, the Essenes, Ferdinand Baur, and higher Christianity, with a thousand irrelevant or doubtfully relevant matters; but Early Buddhism is not among them. The truth is that Mr. Lillie does not know what Early Buddhism is. He seems to have adopted the conclusion that the Northern Buddhist accounts contain the oldest form of the religion, and accordingly proceeds to illustrate this supposed primitive Buddhism by examples taken from the most corrupt modern developments of it. He collects practices and precepts from China, Burmah, or anywhere except the right place. He scouts the Singhalese books and substitutes Father Borri, whose account of Cochinchina pursues the reader relentlessly throughout the book. It is needless to say that modern usage affords no evidence for the true form of Buddha's own teaching, and that Mr. Lillie's premises are therefore placed entirely out of court. His argument from the titles on the Asoka monuments cannot be seriously urged when we know that they are rather descriptions of contents than fixed titles, and may easily be varied. How far such a method may lead a writer astray may be gathered from the curious statement in p. 47:—

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this supernaturalism, because it is of the highest importance to our theme. Buddhism was plainly an elaborate apparatus to nullify the action of evil spirits by the aid of good spirits operating at their highest potentiality through the instrumentality of the corpse or a portion of the corpse of the chief aiding spirit. The Buddhist temple, the Buddhist rites, the Buddhist liturgy, all seem based on this one idea, that a whole or portions of a dead body was necessary.

The assumption that the Buddhism of to-day in China or Burmah is the best evidence for the character of original Buddhism is not the only false principle adopted by Mr. Lillie. He is apparently careless of the ordinary progress of history, and seems to think that a man may suddenly arise and create a new religion and social system, and impose them on a great people entirely of his own will, and without the aid of any external circumstances. All history points to a different explanation of a great man's influence, and the modern student looks first at the surroundings and antecedents of a reform or revolution before he attributes it solely to the mind of one man. Even Napoleon, who was of all men the nearest in appearance to the individual motive power which holds its energy entirely of itself, and exerts it without the help of anything outside, has lately been explained as the creation, of the *levée en masse*. Mr. Lillie, however, will allow nothing of this with Buddha; and the want of that study of preparatory and conducive circumstances which the French call *mésologie* is fatal to the attempt to trace the beginning of Buddhism. It might have been expected that the chapter entitled "The Historical Buddha" would contain something of this; but it is, on the whole, the least historical part of the book, unless, indeed, we accept the term on the principle of the old axiom that all history is falsehood.

But it is Mr. Lillie's imaginative bent that plays him the scurviest tricks of all. There is nothing he does not illumine with the flare of fancy. Everything has a mystical meaning for him, and if it is not very obvious at first, a wide induction from miscellaneous facts, not at first sight connected with the matter in hand, is sure to establish it to the author's satisfaction. Mr. Lillie's chief idiosyncrasy reminds us of a powerful story by Dr. Wendell Holmes. Mr. Lillie sees nothing but serpents wherever he looks. In the Buddhist zodiac he finds a serpent in every crooked line. "For Aries I have given a horse with two serpents on his head—the solar-horse and his father and mother." Without discussing the place of the serpent in mythology, it may be as well to say plainly that the horse with the two serpents on his head is just a ram and nothing more. The same may be said of the lion's tail. The Swastika, again, is here derived from the crossed serpents which stand for Pisces in the Buddhist zodiac as drawn by Mr. Lillie, but the derivation is entirely wrong. The serpentine shape, again, is not the most ancient form of the Tri Ratna, and Mr. Lillie's theory of its origin is merely another example of his ophiomania. All these serpentine illustrations are much more modern than the symbols they are supposed to have originated; and this part of Mr. Lillie's labours must be considered as misdirected energy.

The luxuriant growth of fancy is painfully exhibited in the chapter entitled "Buddhism in the Catacombs." Jonah and the whale may or may not be solar symbols; but it is surely ridiculous to trace so ancient and widespread a story to a Buddhist source and thus explain its appearance in the Catacombs. It is possible to be too credulous, even in the identification of solar myths, nor is it wise to advance with an air of conviction theories which have been keenly disputed, and which at the best can only be proposed as possibilities. There is a vast deal too much of this assurance in the chapter on "Buddha and Woden." The connexion between

Scandinavia and India is well known, but there is considerable uncertainty about many details which apparently give Mr. Lillie no uneasiness. "Why should two nations," he asks, "so remote as China and Norway, in their war-junks, their arms, their clothing, have so much in common?"

I have found an answer that seems to me convincing. In the first century of our era Kuei-Chuang, a Chinese prince, subdued Caubul, Kandahar, and Koppen, and converted it to Buddhism. This, according to Professor Holmboe, was the special region of the Asas. At any rate this conquest quite accounts for the fact that the Chinese standard should by and by flaunt upon the galleys of the Vikings.—Pp. 236-7.

This "convincing answer" may serve as an example of Mr. Lillie's manner of accepting theories which, to say the least of them, are open to controversy. The conversion of Kabul, &c. by Kuei-Chuang, in the first place, to Buddhism is improbable in the face of the unquestioned fact that Kabul was a focus of Buddhism at least a century before Christ, and was not likely to need conversion "in the first century of our era." Secondly, it is a matter of dispute whether this was "the special region" of the Asas. And, lastly, if it was, it is probable that they had left it before Kuei-Chuang arrived there. It is quite possible that the Scandinavians did in reality get their Buddhist similarities from Afghanistan; but Mr. Lillie's method of proving it is not by any means so "convincing" as he believes. Another example is found in the slight and inconclusive chapter on Buddhism in America. Here again everything is assumed; whereas the identification of Fou Sang with California has been strenuously controverted, the supposed delineations of elephants are not clear beyond possibility of dispute, and the Mexican Buddha drawn on Plate IV. is open to the objection that the face is in profile, the head-dress (where again an imaginary serpent is introduced) is not Indian, and that other people besides Buddha sit cross-legged and wear necklaces.

The chapter on "The Historical Buddha" explains a good many peculiar fancies which meet one throughout the book. The following paragraph shows that in this chapter—and no less clearly elsewhere—Mr. Lillie started with a preconceived theory to which facts were forced to bend:—

Our inquiry at starting was this:—Is there any evidence from which we may fairly infer that early Buddhism was propagated in India by a system of Freemasonry? From the nature of the Indian initiation, from the Triad Society of China, from the Buddhist (as opposed to the priestly) nature of most Masonic rites—the bloodless sacrifice, the poverty, the chastity, the refused crown, &c.—I think the answer must be given in the affirmative.—P. 138.

By a similar process of reasoning it might be argued from the practice of the monks of the Grande Chartreuse that the making of liqueur was among the primitive rites of Christianity. This Masonic theory, and the literature which Mr. Lillie has studied in order to elaborate it, have done much to injure his book by introducing a multitude of fantastic and unprofitable speculations. A footnote in p. 138 indicates the sort of works to which Mr. Lillie refers for his explanation of the spread of Buddhism—from King's *Gnostics*, through a series of Masonic manuals, to Philo on the Essenes and Therapeuts.

It is a pity that a good subject should be treated in this fashion; and the more so inasmuch as Mr. Lillie has spent some pains on his work, and has filled it with a large amount of interesting information on the comparative relations of Buddhism. There are many pages to which no exception can be taken; but, again, these are followed by some preposterous theory which can only mislead the reader if he is ignorant, or enrage him if he is learned. A work of this kind needs to be undertaken in a spirit of sober study, and not with a foregone conclusion. Above all, it is necessary to make sure of your authorities, and not begin at the wrong end. Mr. Lillie has done both; he has taken the less authentic sources for Buddha and early Buddhism to be the best authorities; and he has argued back from a corrupt and perverted religion in order to trace the original and pure form. In the absence of other means this method must be adopted; but in the present case it is not only unnecessary, but injurious to the great subject it pretends to illustrate, and fatal to the usefulness of the book. In Mr. Lillie's own words:—"It is evident that, until the earliest Buddhism can be detached from the later Buddhism, the living from the dead, such inquiry will be premature." His book is a persistent attempt to effect precisely the contrary of this—to join the dead and the living together.

DERVAL HAMPTON.\*

IT is fortunate for Mr. Grant's readers that his new novel is but in two volumes. He begins his story not amiss, and goes on with a fair amount of success till he is half-way through his task. Extravagant though many of the incidents had been, and faulty as his style frequently is, yet he had interested us in the fortunes of his hero, and made us not unwilling to take up the second volume. But here we found a change greatly for the worse. There was a vast increase in acts of villainy of which we had had quite enough already; while the improbabilities of the tale, which had already drawn to the full upon our stock of credulity, became so great as to excite a feeling of contempt. It is not easy to understand why the author has thus overcharged the latter part of his book with characters and incidents that are so extravagant as to become

\* Derval Hampton: a Story of the Sea. By James Grant, Author of "Romance of War," &c. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1881.

utterly ridiculous. Apparently it was not through that want of matter which often leads novelists to fill up with villains a great gap in their third volume, just as the ancient geographers filled up the blank spaces in their maps "with elephants for want of towns." Mr. Grant, it would seem, had much ado to get all his story into the space that he had at his command. "In detailing plot and counterplot," he writes, "cunning and selfishness, doubt, despair, and no small agony of spirit, we have much to compress in the latter pages of this our history." We could have wished that, instead of packing his villains so tight together, he had been content with a smaller assortment of them, and so had allowed both himself and them a little more elbow-room.

The story opens in a cottage in a Devonshire village. At first sight it seems scarcely needful to record that before the cottage lay a garden, and that in the garden were growing strawberries, asparagus, cucumbers, and peas. It is presently seen, however, that the peacefulness suggested by this enumeration of vegetable productions serves to form a strong contrast to the stormy and dark incidents that are to follow. The owner of the cottage is Mr. Greville Hampton, the hero's father. This gentleman was a moody and discontented man "on whom the world and society had smiled in other days," but had left off smiling now that he had run through his fortune. He had a further cause for discontent. "A destiny," he said, "over which I have no control, deprives me of my birthright; and I, who ought now to be twelfth Lord Oakhampton and tenth Lord of Wistmanswood, am a poor and needy man." In the second volume we find that destiny gets under the control of his old family lawyer, "a denizen of Gray's Inn." Novelists have laws and lawyers of their own, which have served them, and will yet serve them, many a good turn. The family that was in actual possession of the estates and title had not held them for much more than a century and a half. They had come into them by a mistake that was made in the year 1707, when the ancestor of that day, in ignorance that his eldest brother was alive and settled in Bermuda, "was called to the Upper House as the direct heir of Derval, Lord Oakhampton, who was forfeited (*sic*) under Edward IV., but was restored by Henry VII." No steps were taken by any descendants of the eldest brother till Greville Hampton's time. Instructed by him, "his stout and deliberate old lawyer," the denizen of Gray's Inn, called on Lord Oakhampton, and greatly alarmed him by the news that "with his title would go lands and estate, plate, pictures—everything even to your household effects." His Lordship not unnaturally points out that whatever proofs his opponents have "must be submitted to the legal acumen and most searching analysis of my law advisers." The deliberate old lawyer most handsomely admits this. "Indubitably, my Lord," he answered, "yet the dates are, fortunately for us, not remote ones." In the end a compromise, as will be seen, is fortunately hit upon, though not till the happiness of the hero and heroine had come within a few hours of being wrecked for ever. They would have been spared a vast deal of suffering had "the legal acumen and most searching analysis of the law advisers" ever discovered the Statute of Limitations.

We are, however, anticipating matters, and must return to the cottage in Devonshire, when the hero was but a child of six, "with a wealth of golden curls that rose crisp and in upward spouts from his forehead." *Gold and golden*, by the way, are somewhat too common in this story, above all in the opening scenes. We cannot properly object to "golden sands," "golden morning of life," "golden butter," "golden laburnham" (the spelling is somewhat odd), "golden dreams," "glare of the golden sunshine," "golden haze," and "billows of golden grain." We may, however, hesitate a moment over a sky that was "violet braced with gold," with waves below "that rose with a silvery sheen." And we must loudly protest when from golden curls we pass to "golden-coloured eyes," to "golden hazel eyes" and "false eyes of golden hazel." But to return to our hero. The moodiness of his father was more than made up to him by the tenderness of his mother. She is pleasantly enough drawn, but unhappily the necessity of the plot requires that she shall be carried off very early in the story. Her place is taken by a wealthy, but most wicked, stepmother. She it is who owns eyes "of that golden-hazel colour which so often goes with a duplicity of character." They were indeed of a very strange kind, for once, when she spoke of her husband's first wife, there came into them "a flash of subtle colour." Let the reader pause, and call upon his imagination to set before him a picture of a flash of subtle colour coming into a pair of false eyes of golden hazel. She treats the child in a way that was not unworthy of "the tiger-like expression" that came into her face. Still more cruel does she become when she gives birth to a son, who has "his mother's chestnut hair and her cunning yellow-hazel eyes." Her hatred is partly due to her knowledge of the claim her husband has to a peerage. Should he succeed, it would not be her son who would inherit the title. She does her best, therefore, to get rid of little Derval; and, as the most likely way of bringing him to an end, sends him to sea. Application is made to a firm of ship-owners to take him as an apprentice, and "the correspondence with them ended in Derval finding himself elected (*sic*) to seek his bread upon the waters as middy." We are at once plunged into all those stirring incidents of a sea novel which used so much to delight our boyhood. Of course there is a good captain who is every inch a sailor, a tyrannical mate who never loses a chance of persecuting the lad, and a virtuous boatswain who comforts him and soon makes of him a thorough seaman. This worthy's language, for the most part, is

nautical enough, and none the less pleasing to us that, like the young hero, we often only understand about half of what he says. We regret, however, to have to notice that on one occasion he so far forgot himself as to talk of "the impetus of the wind." We like him far better when he warns Derval "not to run foul of the third mate's hawse," who, he told him, "was often crank, and who yaws a bit in way of doing duty." It is all very proper for authors to use fine-sounding words; to call cutlasses and pistols "lethal weapons," and to write of a middy's "uninitiated mind"; but we cannot allow them to fill our tars' mouths with language even bigger than their quids. We are glad to find that Mr. Grant does not make any of his characters use the scraps of French which he himself now and then introduces, and very needlessly too. Sea-sickness, for instance, he speaks of as *mal-du-mer*. Had he called it *mal de mer* his French would have been correct, though still very absurdly and even ostentatiously introduced.

Matters go on very prosperously with our hero, and his voyages are not without agreeable incidents. The wicked mate gets eaten by a shark, the ship is pursued by a pirate, a couple of abandoned vessels are fallen in with; tremendous storms sweep the decks and "gorge the lee scuppers," red flashes of lightning are seen, and also flashes of green lightning. On one occasion the black outline of the waves was so remarkable that it was not only serrated, but serrated like the teeth of a saw. Mr. Grant would seem to be familiar with Juvenal. Can he have forgotten the meaning of "serrated"? At the same time we should like to ask him whether he is correct in the title that he gives to a book from which he quotes—*Atlas Geographus* (*sic*).

But these inquiries into words must not lead us away from our hero's adventures. Being a sailor, of course he saves the heroine's life on the sea-shore. This time she is not cut off between two headlands by the tide, but has a fall from a cliff. Her sash catches in a stump, and leaves her dangling in mid-air some fifty feet above a pool in the rocks, in which the hero had just before seen the dorsal fin of a great shark. Being a British sailor, he soon climbed up to her, and, grasping one part of her dress in his teeth and another in his left hand, brought her down in safety. She had violet eyes, and was, as might be expected, the only daughter of Lord Oakhampton. She was still but a child, and so the hero, instead of at once marrying her, returns to his sea life. His wicked stepmother, more enraged than ever at the reputation he had gained, plots his death. A far more terrible villain than that that had as yet been introduced appears on the scene as first mate. He is in her pay, and is pledged to kill the hero. At length he finds, as he thinks, his chance, and, striking him on the head, leaves him senseless on an island that swarmed with savages. The ship sails off, and for the hero there seems no chance of escape. Of course he does get off, or he would have been no hero. Meanwhile his wicked half-brother of "the cunning yellow-hazel eyes" had contrived against him as dark a plot as ever villain spun. But we must not tell the author's whole story; something must be left to excite the curiosity of the reader. Let us take leave, then, of the hero "bleeding, stunned, and senseless," and surrounded by infuriated savages on an island that was but seldom visited by ships. Let us part with the heroine in a condition that was scarcely less forlorn. She had by this time grown up into womanhood, and to save her father from the consequences of his lawyer's ignorance of the Statute of Limitations, had consented to marry a cold-blooded villain whose eyes were yellow hazel. Let us see the marriage contract drawn up and ready for signature, the wedding clothes ordered, the bridesmaids selected, and the bride white, wild-eyed, and nervous. Let us suffer the curtain thus to fall in the knowledge that our readers can, if they wish, very quickly and easily bid it rise again for themselves.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fifth volume (1) of M. Wallon's History of the Revolutionary Tribunal is not inferior to its predecessors in importance and interest. Like them, it is an excellent example of the careful working up of details, the tragical significance of which is apt to be somewhat blunted by the legal formalities in which they are enwrapped; while, on the other hand, rhetorical heightening is foreign to the author's plan, and, indeed, would be a breach of his duty. No names of the first interest, with the single exception of that of André Chenier, diversify the dismal record of Messidor and of the latter *journées* which punished the pretended conspiracy of the prisons. But the justice of the detestation with which the Tribunal has been regarded by all sober students of history continues to be proved amply. The revolution of the ninth Thermidor led, as is known, to the suspension of the Court, and the appearance of Fouquier Tinville before the Convention; but the Tribunal was reconstituted towards the end of the month, and fresh victims fell, though in smaller numbers, and on the whole on less iniquitous charges. The last chapters of the book give an account of the infamous excesses of Carrier and his daughter-tribunal at Nantes, and of the curious revolution which brought this provincial Court of blood before the very institution which it had originally copied. The volume comes to an end in the middle of this proceeding. M. Wallon's promises to be (with the exception of M. Lallie's mono-

(1) *Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire*. Par H. Wallon. Tome 5. Paris: Hachette.



graph) the fullest and most detailed account, confined as it is to documentary and legal evidence, of how "Carrier came down to the Loire and slew." It is worth noticing that, though the *Noyades* proper and the "Republican marriages" rest on the clearest testimony, the so-called "Republican baptisms" appear more doubtful. Children were undoubtedly drowned in the general *Noyades*, but not, it would appear, singly, or as a special mock ceremony. The most atrocious criminal even of the French Revolution can, however, amply afford this deduction from the list of his claims to the title.

In noticing the first volume (*L'Inde védique*) of M. Marius Fontane's *Histoire universelle* (2) we stated certain objections to the form and plan of the work, which there is no need to repeat, but which apply equally to the second, *Les Iraniens*. The book, however, deserves the same praise as well as the same blame. M. Fontane writes well, and is evidently a person of remarkable diligence; nor is there any doubt that, accidents excepted, he will accomplish the formidable task which he has set himself of writing sixteen large octavo volumes on the history of the world in general.

M. Albert Babeau's *Village Schools during the Revolution* (3) is an excellent specimen of the monographs on historical subjects which are nowhere now produced in a more creditable manner than in France. M. Babeau appears to be an impartial politician and a temperate thinker generally. He shows, however, conclusively that the much-reviled ecclesiastical system of education was, for the most part, altered only for the worse by the Revolution; that the power given to the Communes of managing their schools on something like the School Board system had by no means good results; and that the chorus of demand at the beginning of the century for the restoration of clerical supervision was loud and almost unanimous. Of course M. Paul Bert and his friends may say that they will manage things better; it remains to be seen how far their boast is justifiable. M. Babeau has diversified his book with some curious citations; among others with extracts from a Republican Horn-book containing commandments, &c., modelled on the old ones, but rather innocently ludicrous than anything else:—

A la section tu te rendras;  
De cinq en cinq jours strictement;

and

Le dix août sanctifieras  
Pour l'aimer éternellement,

are delightful examples of the peculiar *bêtise* which seems to cling inseparably to certain forms of political and religious emancipation.

M. Henri Belle (4) observes with much *naïveté* in his preface, "On trouvera dans ce volume plus d'une fois le nom de la France." It is quite true, and the result is not a little tedious. For our part, it seems to us that a traveller, whether he be Englishman, Frenchman, or what not, would do well to look on "spread-eagles" as the one unpardonable sin; and we do not think we are uncharitable in saying that French travellers are specially prone to overlook this. However, M. Belle cannot be always dragging in "le nom de la France"; and then we have lively and interesting pictures of Greece, including many of the less visited parts, which he explored with all the advantages of his position of Secretary to the French Embassy in or about, as it would appear (for there is some confusion of dates in the volume), the year 1874. The book has the advantage of very fair and pretty plentiful illustration.

If M. Renan were not a person of irreproachable life and conversation, he would have had occasion to tremble when he knew that the author of *Sainte-Beuve et ses inconnues* was going to write a book about him. As it is, there is no scandal in M. Pons's volume (5), and we can only imagine that the author wished to wash out the memory of his successful, but discreditable, treachery to his former master by showing that he can do something else than play the traitor. Any other reason why he should have written the book it is not easy to discover. There is a little—a very little—personal gossip of the mildest kind, and the rest is made up of a sort of abstract of M. Renan's famous ecclesiastical history or romance, whichever it ought to be called. We cannot say that the book has any particular merit.

There are many dictionaries of French *argot*, and none is wholly satisfactory. The reason probably is that the jargon is, unlike the slang of other countries, in a perpetual state of transition. M. Rigaud's book (6) will be useful, more particularly to the students of naturalist novels, an improving class of literature which is apt to be rather puzzling to those who rely on the antiquated assistance of the late M. Littré.

There is something a little odd in a second edition of *Poésies inédites* (7); however, everything must have its title. These inedited poems of Lamartine appeared for the first time eight years ago and more, and we fear it is no slight sign of the fact that

Lamartine is an *étoile qui file* that they should only now have reached their second edition, or be thought worthy of ranking with the ordinary 18mo editions of the poet's works. There is merit in them, and, in the case of the unfinished epic of "Le Chevalier," considerable merit. But all the contents of the book—tragedies, epic, and lyrics—show the *mollesse* (there is no exactly equivalent English word) which has been fatal to Lamartine's reputation. The secret of this is not the mere sentimentality of the matter, obsolete as that is, but the flaccid character of the diction, the absence of nerve and force in the verse, the form moulded instead of carved, the lack of glow and colour. M. de Laprade's prefatory essay makes a noble fight for his master, but, we fear, a losing one. Together with these poems appear *Mémoires inédites* (8) in the same form. As has often happened with poets who have not kept their hold on the world, Lamartine's prose is less obviously wanting than his verse, though it has some of the same defects.

A sixth edition of a book on such a subject as education speaks pretty plainly for itself, and there is no need to do more than announce the appearance of such an edition (9) of Mme. Guizot's well-known letters.

M. Mézières has reprinted (10) the sketches of the war of 1870 which he contributed soon afterwards to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which were first collected in 1871.

In consequence of the death of M. Joanne, the *Guide du voyageur en France* (11), of the excellent series which bears the name of that topographer, appears under the authorship of M. Richard. Some alterations appear to have been made in the arrangement. The prefatory matter which used to accompany each volume is not to be found here, and the information as to hotels, &c., is relegated to the index at the end of the volume. Otherwise the system seems unchanged, and the admirable maps and plans of towns which have always distinguished the series are forthcoming in abundance. Perhaps it may be doubted whether it was wise to attempt a road and railway book of so large a country as France, and one so excellently furnished with means of internal communication, in a single volume, even of nine hundred well-filled pages. But that is a question rather for those who know what the special demand is than for those who do not. It is sufficient to say that the information given, though necessarily somewhat stenographic, is wonderfully copious and very well selected.

Except on the general principle of the value of a *réclame* to any public character, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt must certainly have exclaimed, Save me from my friends! when she saw Mme. Marie Colombier's account (12) of her American travels. We use the complimentary title in both cases after the example of our author. The two amiable actresses open and close the book in each other's arms; but the interval is chiefly occupied by Mme. Colombier in showing how her friend persuaded her to go to America on false pretences; how she was completely indifferent to any one's comfort but her own; how very badly she often acted; how she cared for nothing but the *recette*, &c. &c. The biographer has also reproduced with great care large numbers of American caricatures of her heroine, has repeated with scrupulous frankness the strictures of American puritanism on her character, and has recorded, perhaps with historic conscientiousness, or perhaps for some other reason, how American women would have nothing to do with her. To do Mme. Colombier justice, she has applied with great impartiality her rather singular canons of good taste in writing. Here is her portrait of an American actress whom she names at full length, in which respect we shall not follow her. "Imaginez une femme n'ayant plus d'âge et qui n'a dû jamais avoir de beauté. Sa bouche est un trou noir, ses dents semblent des clous de girofle dans la cire à cacheter. Ratatinée, momifiée, elle porte perruque de chérubin." &c. It is probably not necessary to say anything more of Mme. Colombier's book, except that it has a preface by M. Arsène Houssaye which is not unworthy of it.

Lecturing in all its forms seems to be making no small headway in France. M. Paul Bert lectures on the happy times when all men will die atheists, and all dogs die vivisected; M. Coquelin *cadet* delivers comic monologues; M. Coquelin *aîné* delivers addresses of a more solemn kind on dead and living poets. The piece before us (13) is, in effect, a spoken review with abundant citations, and of a highly complimentary character. M. Eugène Manuel, for a minor poet, and we cannot give him any higher title, is lucky.

It is not generally true that it never rains but it pours, yet it seems to be true in some singular way of literature, and especially of French literature. Somehow or other nobody seems to attempt any literary task without somebody else attempting the same simultaneously. It is but the other day that we had to notice a verse translation into French of the First Part of *Faust*, and here (14) is another. There is no need to compare M. Daniel in any invidious sense with his predecessor. Both translations are very creditable pieces of work, and remarkable examples of the gain in flexibility

(2) *Histoire universelle. Les Iraniens.* Par M. Fontane. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *L'école de village pendant la Révolution.* Par A. Babeau. Paris: Didier.

(4) *Voyage en Grèce.* Par H. Belle. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Ernest Renan et les origines du christianisme.* Par A. J. Pons. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Dictionnaire de l'argot moderne.* Par L. Rigaud. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Poésies inédites de Lamartine.* Deuxième édition. Paris: Hachette-Furne, Jouvet et Cie.

(8) *Mémoires inédites de Lamartine (1790-1815).* Paris: Hachette-Furne, Jouvet et Cie.

(9) *Lettres de famille sur l'éducation domestique.* Par Madame Guizot. 2 vols. 6ème édition. Paris: Didier.

(10) *Récits de l'invasion.* Par A. Mézières. Paris: Didier.

(11) *Guide du Voyageur en France.* Par Richard. Paris: Hachette.

(12) *Le voyage de Sarah Bernhardt en Amérique.* Par Marie Colombier. Paris: Dreyfous.

(13) *Un poète du foyer.* Par C. Coquelin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(14) *Le Faust de Goethe en vers français.* Par A. Daniel. Paris: Plon.

and range which ordinary French verse has made, thanks to the example of the great masters of the last fifty years. As might perhaps be expected, the book is strongest in the dialogue and weakest in the lyrical parts. M. Daniel has, indeed, rather a leaning to the pedestrian; and the poetry, as distinguished from the verse, of his model does not come out very well under his hands. But Englishmen have not much right to throw stones at French translators of *Faust*.

Messrs. Plon's functions as publishers to the central dépôt of almanacks must be not the least important part of their business. We cannot attempt to give individual notice to the portly bundle of year books which lies (15) before us. We have the plump *Liégeois*, the veritable triple *Liégeois*, which appears to have been constructed on purpose to exemplify the grey paper and blunt type of Mr. Browning's well-known line, though its contents are perfectly harmless; and several sizes of the venerable Mathieu de la Drôme, with his respectable countenance outside and much scientific information inside; and the *Comique*, which is not more comic than others; and the *Astrologique*, which tries to prognosticate wittily; and the "Good Catholic's Almanack," and the "Prophetic Almanack," and the "Ladies' Almanack," and the "Perfect Wine-Grower's Almanack"—the perfect wine-grower is not quite so unhappy this year as he has been for some time past—and the *Almanach pour rire*, and the *Sacré-Cœur Almanach*, and the *Mère Cigogne*, and the *Almanach lunatique*—which seems rather dull—and the "Scientific," and the "National," and the *Charivari*, and the special collection of M. Grévin's audacities from the same journal, and the *Almanach-Album des Célébrités contemporaines* (we wish the title were true, for they have got Théophile Gautier among the portraits), and the *Almanach du savoir-vivre*, which does not seem to vary its contents much from year to year, and the *Almanach de la bonne Cuisine*, and the *Almanach parisien*, of which perhaps the same may be said. Among all these, the *Almanach du voleur illustré* (16) alone scorns M. Plon, and publishes itself at its own office. It has some fair illustrations of the Tunisian expedition. But we cannot imagine where the dead Arabs come from. However, without them, the pictures might have had the same effect on the spectators as that picture of the High Street without gownsmen which scandalized the Oxford Spectator's aunt.

Readers of that original, if rather inorganic, book, *Zéphyrin Cazaan en Egypte*, which seems, since we noticed it last year, to have received the honour of an Academic *couronne*, will not be sorry to hear of the issue of another book by its author (17). M. Charles Edmond has changed his ground considerably, and has gone to Denmark for his scene. *Harald* is not, like *Zéphyrin Cazaan*, a series of dissolving views, but a tolerably connected novel—at least in plan. However the author's apparently insuperable tendency to represent separate tableaux re-appears here. The least that can be said for M. Edmond is that he writes well and not like other people. M. Hector Malot's new book (18) depicts the struggles of a virtuous *institutrice*, left almost destitute by the sudden death of her father. Like many others of the author's books, it has a strong resemblance to the ordinary run of English novels. The writer of *Le mariage de Loti* has brought his extraordinary talent for depicting tropical scenery and manners to bear on a new country, Senegambia (19). It would be a very great mistake to confound M. Pierre Loti with the small fry of the shoal that splashes after M. Zola, though his ardour for description occasionally leads him rather too close to their unsavoury company. *Le roman d'un Spahi* describes, with singular force and power, the life of a French trooper in the deadly, and yet in a way seductive, climate and social atmosphere of Senegal, until his death in an obscure *razzia* against the tribes of the interior. The last scene is sufficiently ghastly, including, as it does, the suicide of a negro girl who loves the Spahi, after she has murdered their child. But the breadth and power of the drawing, as well as the poetry of the style, distinguish it altogether from the deathbeds of the naturalists. The letters of the Spahi's mother and of his betrothed from the far-away home in the Cevennes make an admirable contrast with the body of the narrative. There seems to be a mania just now in France for translations from the Hungarian. We must say that, if French writers cannot produce better Magyar novels than *Le comte Kappanyai* (20), they are quite right to translate Hungarian originals. It is one of those clumsy novels of incident in which the incidents are simply chronicled, and not in any sense acted; which have but little dialogue, and that of a lifeless and commonplace kind; and in which the story jolts and bumps along in a succession of jerks, the separate scenes being neither duly connected nor individually vivid. In short, it is a bad copy of the worst style of Dumas, or rather of "the young men" when Dumas left them to themselves. A scene in which the hero tumbles

down a precipice and is picked up for dead one moment, and a few pages later comes to life again, without rhyme or reason, is as nearly entitled to the credit of being the absolutely worst thing of its kind as anything we remember at the minute. *Les amours d'une empoisonneuse* (21) can hardly contribute much to its author's reputation even in the eyes of his most fervent admirers. It is apparently a fragment, and does not give promise of much good if it had been completed. We have also two volumes (22, 23) of short tales, or at least of tales of moderate length, before us. M. Price's is decidedly the better of the two, and some of the stories are amusing enough.

- (21) *Les amours d'une empoisonneuse*. Par E. Gaboriau. Paris: Dentu.  
(22) *Historiettes de France et d'Espagne*. Par G. Price. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.  
(23) *Le Monde et la Comédie*. Par M. Fournier. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

#### PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,358, NOVEMBER 5, 1881:

- Working of the Land Court.  
The German Elections. The Boers and the Government.  
Home Politics. M. Gambetta and the Chamber. A London Municipality.  
The Austrian Red Book. The Pope and the English Government.  
Offending Children.  
The Country of the Gunpowder Plot.  
*De Lunatico Inquadrato*. The Order of Corporate Reunion.  
A New Argument for Vegetarianism. The Last of Newgate. Post Office Reforms.  
The Spanish Budget. Recent Music. The Theatres.  
Racing at Sandown and Newmarket.  
Indian Presidency Towns.  
Darwin on the Action of Worms. Our Ride through Asia Minor.  
French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. The Brues of Yarrow.  
Calendar of State Papers—Domestic Series, 1654. Buddha and Early Buddhism.  
Dervall Hampton. French Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,357, OCTOBER 29, 1881:

- Speeches of the Week—The Panama Canal—Condition of Ireland—Austria and Italy—The Transvaal—The Quarterly Review on the Conservative Party—The Next French Cabinet—The English Land Question—The Wilberforce Case.  
Pontificate of Leo XIII.—The Sale of Gibraltar—The Midland Railway Accident—Le Sage and the Spaniards—English Landscape—The Disasters at Sea—Conveyancing Reform—The Banking Reserve of the Country—The Cambridgeshire.  
The Haigs of Bemersyde—Myths of the Odyssey in Art and Literature—Wheeler's Tales from Indian History—Hilda Desmond—Zeller's History of Greek Philosophy—David Cox—Talbot's Enchiridion of Epictetus—Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century—A Will and a Way.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH," each 33 by 25 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES, by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Benjamin Constant's New Picture "Present to the Amerc," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' Gallery, 5 Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

NEWTON HALL, Fleur-de-lis Court, FETTER LANE.—POSITIVIST SOCIETY.—LECTURES will be resumed on SUNDAY, November 6, 1881, at 8 P.M. precisely. Admission Free.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The NEXT TERM commences on Friday, January 27. Entrance Examinations on January 28.—For particulars apply to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., Secretary.

- (15) *Almanach liégeois*. *Almanach Mathieu de la Drôme*. *Almanach comique*. *Almanach astrologique*. *Almanach du bon Catholique*. *Almanach prophétique*. *Almanach des Dames*. *Almanach du parfait Vigneron*. *Almanach pour rire*. *Almanach du Sacré-Cœur*. *Almanach de la Mère Cigogne*. *Almanach lunatique*. *Almanach scientifique*. *Almanach national*. *Almanach du Charivari*. *Almanach de Grévin*. *Almanach-Album des Célébrités contemporaines*. *Almanach du savoir-vivre*. *Almanach de la bonne Cuisine*. *Almanach parisien*. Paris: au Dépôt Central des Almanachs. Plon et Cie.

(16) *Almanach du voleur illustré*. Paris: au Bureau du Journal.

(17) *Harald*. Par C. Edmond. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(18) *Séduction*. Par H. Malot. Paris: Dentu.

(19) *Le roman d'un Spahi*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(20) *Le comte Kappanyai*. Récit hongrois. Par V. Meignan. Paris: Plon.